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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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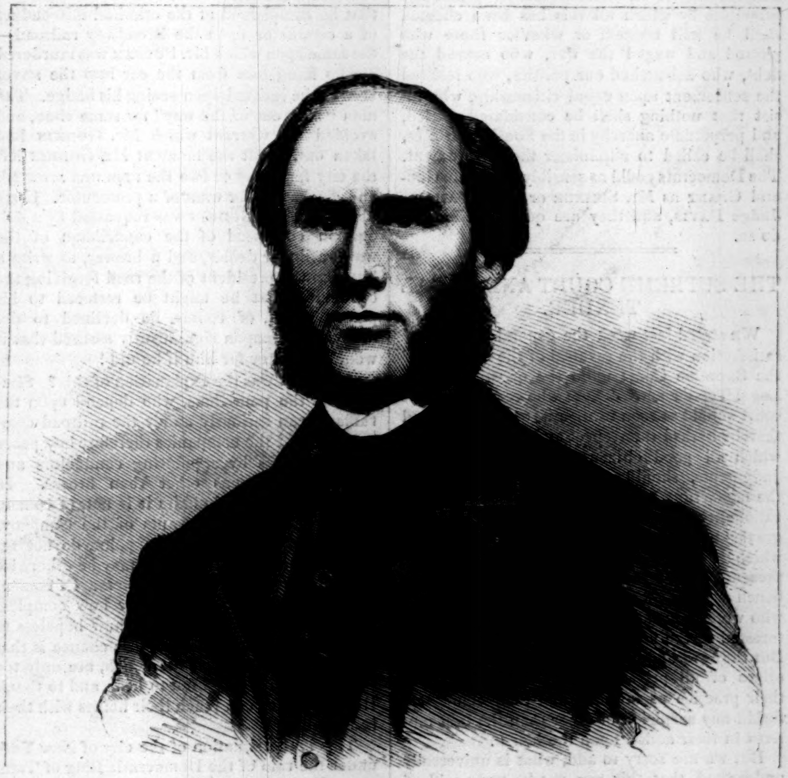
THE STREET-CAR MURDER.

A FEW days ago the city was shocked by the unprovoked murder of a gentleman on a street car, under circumstances of great atrocity. The victim, Mr. AVERY D. PUTNAM, was a merchant of deserved repute; his assailant was WILLIAM FOSTER, a conductor of the Broadway line of street cars. The circumstances of the tragedy, briefly detailed, were as follows:

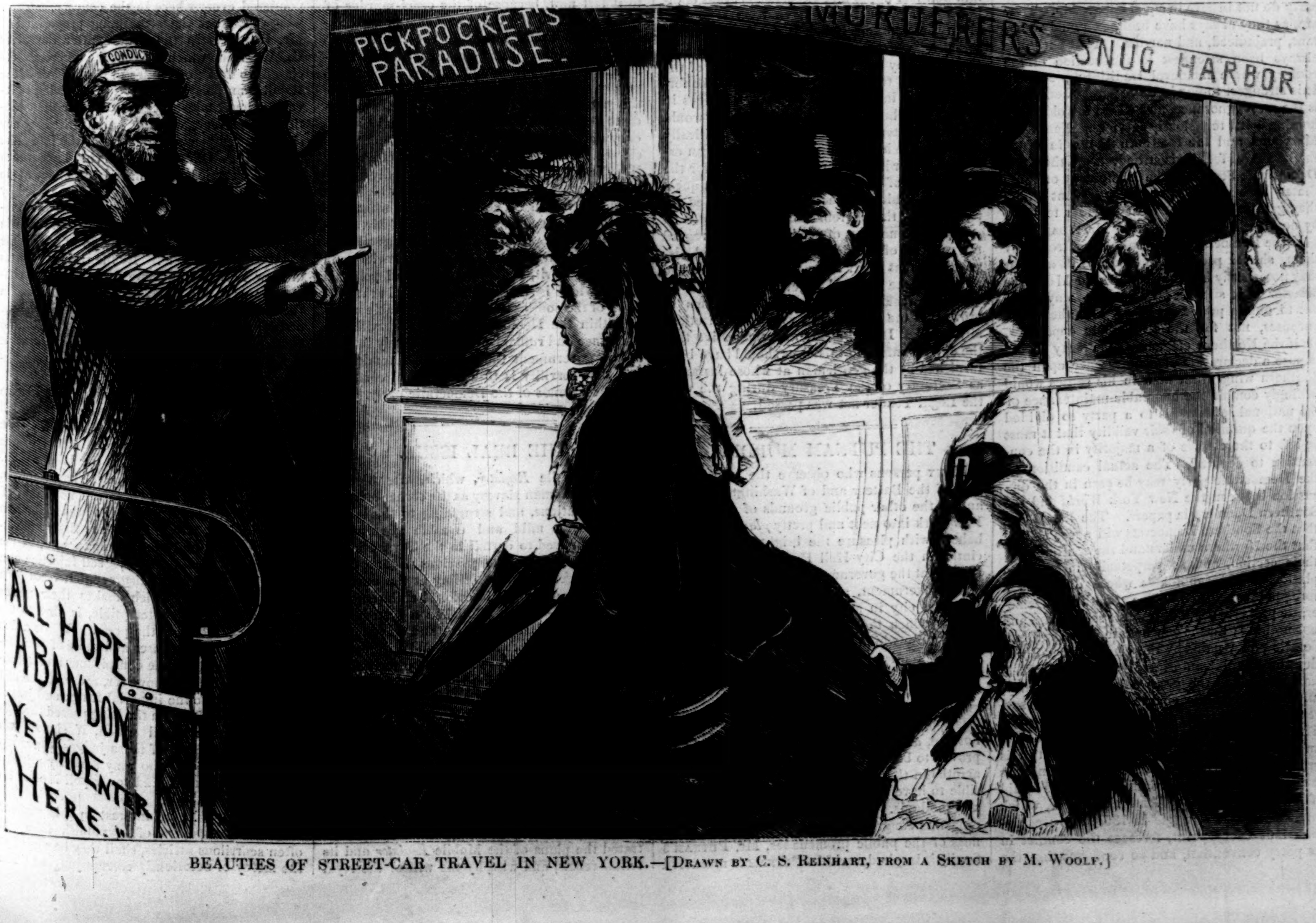
On Wednesday evening, April 26, Mr. PUTNAM, in company with two ladies, Madame DUVAL and daughter, was proceeding up town in a Broadway car. Opposite the Gilsey House he asked the daughter if she had seen the clock in one of the towers of that building, and playfully remarked that it was so high as to require a spy-glass to see it in cloudy weather. The curiosity of the young lady being excited, she stepped to the front-door, near which she was sitting, to obtain a better view, when she was insulted by the driver and by FOSTER, who was standing just outside the door. Finding she had attracted their attention, she stepped back into the car and resumed her seat by her mother. The latter immediately closed the door. It was instantly thrown open by FOSTER, who leered insultingly at the ladies. Madame DUVAL shut the door in his face. It was immediately pushed open again and the insult repeated. It was not until this instant that Mr. PUTNAM became aware of these actions. He promptly interfered, stepping to the front-door and saying something to FOSTER which was inaudible to the occupants of the car. As he stepped back FOSTER followed, growling that he had paid his five cents, and would have the door open if he liked. Mr. PUTNAM answered that the lady was ill and could not have the door open, and then added, when FOSTER said he had a right to a seat, that he must not annoy the ladies, as they were with him. Mr. PUTNAM then sat down again, and FOSTER flung himself down into a seat beside Miss DUVAL, whom her mother immediately removed to the other side, whereupon the brute said, "What is it your business?" to which Madame DUVAL replied, "She is my daughter, Sir." FOSTER then asked Mr. PUTNAM, "How far up are you going?" but receiving no reply, repeated his question twice, with the same result, and then, in the tone of a savage infuriated beyond control, exclaimed, "Well, I'm going as far as you do, and I'll give you h—ll when you get off."

On arriving at Forty-sixth Street Mr. PUTNAM and the ladies under his protection got out by the rear door. FOSTER had again taken his station on the front platform. The moment Mr. PUTNAM stepped from the car FOSTER seized the driver's iron hook, ran to the rear of the car, and struck his victim a terrible blow on the head with this heavy implement. Mr. PUTNAM fell to the ground in full sight of the conductor. FOSTER made his escape, the conductor rang the bell, and the driver whipped his horses into a run, leaving Mr. PUTNAM lying directly on the down track. No one interfered. None of the passers-by stopped to assist the ladies in dragging the body of their unfortunate friend to the sidewalk, out of the way of a down car, which was rapidly approaching. He was at length taken to a drug store, and thence removed, after a long delay, to a station-house, where he remained for some time awaiting the arrival of the police surgeon. After still further delay he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he died on the morning of the 29th of April.

FOSTER was promptly arrested, and has been indicted for murder by the Grand Jury. The case has caused great excitement in the city, and the daily papers are filled with letters containing accounts of outrages committed in the street cars. The sketch we give of a car crowded with rowdies and thieves is a sight to be witnessed every day on almost every line in New York. Many of the conductors and drivers are either in league with these ruffians, or so cowed by them as to be incapable of protecting their passengers from frequent insult and outrage.



MR. AVERY D. PUTNAM, THE VICTIM OF THE STREET-CAR OUTRAGE.


CONDUCT
PICKPOCKET'S PARADISE.
MURDERER'S SNUG HARBOR
ALL HOPE ABANDON YE WHO ENTER HERE."

BEAUTIES OF STREET-CAR TRAVEL IN NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOLF.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 20, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains*

TWO POEMS BY JOHN HAY,

*"*THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL,*" written expressly for the* Weekly, *and "*LITTLE BREECHES,*" with Original Illustrations by* S. Eytinge, Jr. *The chapter of "*Memories*" is devoted this week to* Theodore Hook, *and is replete with interesting anecdotes and reminiscences. The other main features of attraction are the continuation of the "*Todhunters' at Loanin' Head,*" a very interesting paper on "*Protective Resemblances,*" a Poem by* Christina G. Rossetti, *a timely full-page Cartoon by* Nast, *a picture of a* Grain Elevator at the Atlantic Docks, *and a sketch of the* Bowery on Saturday Night.

☞ Charles Reade's *new Story, "*A Terrible Temptation,*" is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* Harper's Weekly *for March* 1, *and is continued in the present Number.*

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THOSE who gravely speak of the nomination of Mr. Sumner, or of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, or of Judge Davis, of Illinois, by the Democrats—and there are such serious suggestions—might, it seems to us, as wisely talk of squaring the circle. The Democratic managers could not propose such action without renouncing what they are pleased to call their principles, their entire policy, and the great multitude of their supporters. If the word "Democratic" were a name merely, which could be applied to a wise and humane policy as well as to the ignoble and reactionary tendency which it now describes, the plan suggested might be feasible. But that tendency is the substance and the strength of the Democratic party at this moment. The Southern element is now, as it has been for a generation, its vital element. Even the Democratic paper at the North which contests the wisdom of the Southern policy frankly concedes that "the real point is whether the Democratic party will attempt to abolish negro suffrage in the Presidential campaign of 1872."

What the Springfield *Republican* calls "the bold acceptance by the Democratic party of negro suffrage, the equality of citizenship, and the supremacy of the national power," would be simply the bold determination of that party to dissolve. It would be precisely the same thing as the bold acceptance by the Republicans of absolute State sovereignty, caste, and the invalidity of the settlement of the war. The final cause of parties is entirely forgotten in such a view. For a political party in this country is not merely an association of citizens for the pursuit of a certain purpose; it is an association which advocates a certain policy because the members hold certain principles which it is the object of the policy to establish in practice. Now the mass of the Democratic party do not believe in equal citizenship. They are, as they always have been, extremely ignorant, prejudiced, and narrow. That party has always been strongest in the section of the country where medieval traditions prevailed. It is strongest to-day in those parts where there is the most ignorance, and where the old slaveholding spirit tenaciously survives. Kentucky, Maryland, and the Southern States in which the late rebel feeling is strongest, are the chief Democratic States. The Democracy of those States hate equal citizenship. What would they gain in the object most precious to them by nominating Mr. Sumner or Mr. Adams?

If the Democratic Convention, controlled by them, should profess acquiescence in all that they notoriously hate, the country would deserve disaster if it supposed they meant any thing but to obtain power, to be used for their own purposes, not for those of their opponents. Or if the Northern element of the party should impose a declaration of acquiescence upon the Southern wing, what man in his senses would willingly confide the honorable maintenance of the national settlements to a party so divided upon the question of their validity that it must be left to the chance of a majority in the convention to decide? The actual condition of the Democratic party may be seen in the discussion between the New York *World* and the Southern Democratic papers. The *World* says that the Southern Democrats will never believe that the Northern understand the sentiment of their section, and so perpetually insist upon platforms and candidates whose defeat is a foregone conclusion. The Southern Democratic press replies that it wants something, and not nothing; that it can not see what the Democratic policy gains by the election of a President of Republican principles; that the *World* has no faith in the great objects of the party, and would buy the chance of success by surrendering all that makes success desirable. The Mobile *Register* declares that the *World* is an impracticable, which shuts its eyes "to this great power of race instinct." It stigmatizes it as an unbeliever—a trimmer. "It is afraid of its own cause." And the *World*, which made the same struggle in 1868, and was defeated at every point, foresees the conflict in its party convention, and so confesses that the issue is whether the party will seek to abolish equal suffrage.

It is mere folly, therefore, to suggest that the Democratic party should try a short-cut to power by the nomination of a Republican. If the gentlemen named by the Springfield *Republican* have renounced their principles, their nomination could hardly strengthen the opposition. If they have not, their election would merely result in their dependence upon Republicans to carry out their policy. And to suppose that the two great parties can be dissolved at this crisis is to suppose national fatuity. The Union has been restored; the Constitution has been wisely amended; the civil administration is more efficient than for many years; the debt is steadily diminishing; taxation is constantly reduced; industry and confidence are revived except where the Democratic Ku-Klux prevails; the great foreign difference is on the eve of harmonious settlement; the name of the United States was never so honorable, its power never so respected, as now; and the practical question which the country is beginning to answer is, whether the party and the principles by which all this has been effected shall be still trusted, or whether those who plotted and waged the war, who caused the debt, who debauched our politics, who resisted the settlement upon equal citizenship, who insist that nothing shall be considered settled, and perpetuate anarchy in the Southern States, shall be called to administer the government. The Democrats could as sensibly nominate General Grant as Mr. Sumner or Mr. Adams or Judge Davis, and they are quite as likely to do so.

THE SUPREME COURT AND LEGAL TENDER.

We stated last week the general grounds of satisfaction with the reversal of the decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of the Legal Tender act. Those who regret that the court should so soon reverse its own action, and thereby hazard the respect and confidence with which all good citizens desire to regard its judgments, should remember, however, that the misfortune of a decision against the constitutionality of a necessary war power is much graver than that of a reversal of judgment, which is by no means unprecedented. The presence of two judges who were not upon the bench when the first opinion was delivered, and who were then supposed to be professionally interested in the subject, is also to be regretted. But they are understood to have relieved themselves of all private connection arising from their practice as lawyers, and their characters forbid any suspicion of other than the best motives in their action upon the bench.

But we are sorry to add, what is universally understood, that this can not be truly said of the first opinion. The circumstances of the case unmistakably indicate that except for certain political hopes and expectations that opinion would probably not have been rendered. Even the Supreme Bench is not free from the soliciting whispers of political ambition. If, therefore, any one feels that the reversal of the judgment is to be deplored because of the former private interest of the two new judges in the subject, how much more deplorable would be the maintenance of a judgment politically inspired which strips the government of an essential power in a vital emergency! As for the resumption of specie payments, that is a question, as we said last week, which will not be determined by the Supreme Court.

There is one class of persons who will regard the reversal of the decision with profound disgust, and that is all those who wish to see the powers of the national government against its enemies weakened, and who are anxious to prove that the government was unconstitutionally saved. It is singular and suggestive that the chief comfort to this class should have been furnished by the gentleman at whose instance, as Secretary of the Treasury during the war, the Legal Tender act was passed.

THE PUTNAM MURDER.

Many persons who observe the transformation of the Battery and of Washington Square and of the other public grounds of the city of New York into neat and pretty *plazas*, and who behold with pleasure the bright beds of hyacinths in the City Hall Park, are very apt to think that the government of the Ring is a very good government, and that they have never seen the city in such good order. The evidences which they observe, however, are precisely those which are always seen in an intelligent despotism. They are of the kind which used to fool Americans in Paris into the belief that Louis Napoleon's government was a very good one. But what that government really was appeared when half of the Chassepôts would not fire, and more than half of the cartridges proved to be sand. It is very easy to plant hyacinths in the Park, but it is not easy nor possible to have a good government from bad men and methods. While the foolish tax-payer and citizen is congratulating himself upon the neatness of the public promenades, Mr. Putnam's family is insulted, and Mr. Putnam is murdered in the street car, upon the chief thoroughfare of the city. And all decent men and women know that they enter those cars at their peril.

The reason of this condition of things is evident. The Tammany Ring, which has absolute control of the city, depends for its supremacy upon the favor of the worst class of the population; consequently, it must propitiate the ruffians. It requires bullies and repeaters on election day, and it must, therefore, wink at their offenses on other days. Thus, a man named William Smith was recently tried, and upon his arraignment pleaded guilty of grand larceny. The day before he was tried Mr. Alexander Frear, a member of the Legislature from the city of New York, and by the appointment of the Mayor one of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, telegraphed from Albany: "William Smith, to be tried to-morrow, is a friend of mine." There could be but one interpretation of such a message. Mr. Frear holds his places by permission of the Ring, and it would be injurious to the Ring to alienate the class to which William Smith belongs. So Mr. Godkin writes to the *Times* that he complained of the criminal misconduct of a conductor upon the Broadway railroad—the same upon which Mr. Putnam was murdered—who flung him from the car into the street because he insisted upon seeing his badge. The man "kept out of the way" for some time, and avoided the warrant which Mr. Godkin had taken out. But the moment Mr. Godkin left the city for a day or two the man was arrested, and discharged for want of a prosecutor. Upon his return, Mr. Godkin was requested by a delegation composed of the councilman of the ward, a liquor dealer, and a brewer, to write a letter to the president of the road forgiving the conductor, that he might be restored to his place; which, of course, he declined to do, and was thereupon significantly assured that it would be better for him if he did!

And what was the explanation of this? Simply that the politicians, who depend upon the ruffians, can seriously annoy the railroad companies; and the companies therefore buy peace for themselves by appointing conductors and drivers for reasons other than fitness. In such a condition of affairs it is not, of course, surprising that the servants of the company, whom the bullies virtually appoint, do not resist them, nor that those who may be otherwise appointed are afraid to resist them. Of course, also, the passengers, who know how complete the system of the Ring is, and how hopeless to seek redress in courts where the chance is that a Ring judge sits upon the bench, are only too willing not to see and not to hear, and to thank Heaven if they can reach their homes with their heads whole.

This is the situation of the city of New York under the rule of the Democratic Ring of Tammany Hall, to which the Legislature, which was its tool, has just granted virtually absolute power. Public attention is more pointedly called to it just now, because of the cruel murder of Mr. Putnam in the Broadway cars for protesting against brutal insults to the ladies whom he was attending. The circumstances have occasioned scores of communications to the newspapers, showing how universal and incessant is this personal peril in the city. It is the immediate and necessary result of a political ascendency dependent upon the favor of the criminal classes. And as long as intelligent citizens of New York, because the parks are prettily adorned with hyacinths, vote with a party which is in league with ruffians, so long they do what they can to make such murders as that of Mr. Putnam probable. Meanwhile it is for good citizens every where to reflect that this lawless and menacing spirit, contemptuous of all personal rights, which is seen in this city and in the Ku-Klux of the Southern States, is observable mainly within the Democratic party. Servility to ignorance and ruffianism is more surely fatal to a free government than any other tendency; and that servility is to-day the vital condition of the existence of the Democratic party.

THE REAL ISSUE.

The Mobile *Register*, which, after fiercely upholding human slavery as the corner-stone of free institutions, and struggling to the last to overthrow a mild and equable government which promised to curtail in the Territories of the United States the precious right of the Southern gentleman of selling at the auction-block the mother of his colored children, with her offspring—which cherished a system that was the degradation of slave and slave-holder together, and the foul stench and disgrace of the American name—which was utterly foiled in its hope of destroying the Constitution and government of the republic of the United States, to rear upon its ruins an empire of slavery—now begs its Democratic friends and allies not to oppose the "wonderful institution" known as Tammany, but to turn all their guns "on the Jacobin tyrant who sits enthroned at Washington to the terror of all patriots, and to the peril of free government." This is its description of the modest and honest soldier who finally frustrated the plans of the Mobile *Register* and its fellow-rebels, and who, by the will of the loyal and intelligent friends of the Union and of equal liberty—who are a great majority of the American people—is to-day in very truth, and to the joy of every honest believer in equal rights, "the terror" of such patriots as the Mobile *Register*, and "the peril" of the freedom of the Ku-Klux, the Mobile *Register's* friends.

The precise feeling of the Southern element of their party, upon which the Democratic leaders rely for success, is shown in the ardent appeals of the *Register* for harmony. Its one fond remembrance is the rebellion. Its one passionate hope is the destruction of the results of the Union victory. All its illustrations spring instinctively from its most familiar associations. Be friends! be friends! it cries to its allies. Don't underrate the power of Tammany. "Tammany is the right bower of the Democratic strength......We fire no shots into Tammany while it stands a bulwark of strength, an adamantine wall, betwixt the Empire State and the Jacobin traitor to the Constitution of his country. *What would have been thought of* Lee's *men firing into Stonewall* Jackson's Blücher *corps when it came up to sweep the gray-coats on to victory on the Chickahominy?*......The Democratic press and politicians would do far better to imitate Tammany......than in making war upon *this Stonewall wing of the grand Democratic party.*"

This is no insignificant newspaper, nor uncertain sound. It is the voice of what Democratic authority calls "the most influential journal now published in the State." Americans! Republicans! it is with the same old rebel cries and aims, it is by gladly and proudly identifying itself with the lost cause, that the Democratic party enters upon the Presidential campaign. We appeal to every intelligent man of every party in the land, what advantage to the peace and prosperity of the country can be hoped from its success? The policy of disturbing the settlements is the only policy it proposes. Those who demand it are those who have always dominated the party, who will contemptuously leave to Tammany and its lackeys the plunder which they desire, and to whom Tammany and its lackeys will be absolutely subservient. "Its voice," says the *World*, speaking of the Mobile *Register*, "will be heard and heeded in the councils of the conservative men......" Certainly it will. It was precisely the same voice that was heard and heeded in the Democratic National Convention of 1868, and which then, as now, declared the settlements of the war to be "revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void."

MORE DESPOTISM.

It is startling to remark how instinctively the Democratic party strikes at the great guarantees of liberty. And it is therefore not an unmixed misfortune that it now controls the State of New York, because this State is a lofty theatre, and what is done here is seen and pondered every where in the country. Those who remember the astounding proposition of Mr. Douglas in the Senate, after the John Brown raid, which was, as he expressly declared, to make examples of the leaders of the Republican party as guilty of conspiring to invade other States because of their denunciations of slavery, will not be surprised by any similar attempt upon the part of the late allies of slavery. One of the most vital blows which the Democratic leaders have lately aimed at the heart of free government is the law passed by the Democratic Legislature of New York to repeal the regulations of the revised statutes in regard to contempt of court, and to restore the old common law rule. By the revised statutes of New York the extreme punishment for contempt was a fine of $250, or imprisonment in the county jail for not more than thirty days, or both, as the court should decide. But the common law permits the court to decide what is a contempt, and to punish it at its own discretion.

And this is what the Democratic Legislature proposes to restore, and as we write the bill awaits the signature of a Governor who is a Democratic candidate for nomination to the Presidency! The object of the bill is plain. The name of "New York judge" has become a by-word; not because there are not many of the ablest and purest magistrates upon the bench in the State, but because there are certain notorious and venal judges, who, as the New York *World* declares, "sell injustice at a price." The national disgrace that rests upon these judges, and which makes their names both odious and contemptible, is due to the fearless comments of the press. While a free press exists their offenses and those of their accomplices will be made conspicuous and notorious. Such hedges, however, are precious and indispensable to the imperial Ring; and just at the close of the session the Ring passed through the Legislature a bill which, if signed, will authorize every one of these judges to commit to jail any editor who may severely criticise his judicial conduct, and to despoil him of his property!

Has the public no interest in this matter? Because newspapers often publish false and often scurrilous articles, shall they be placed at the mercy of notoriously corrupt judges? The last resort left to us is the court of law. But when even that is defiled by the presence of bad men, shall we give them unlimited power to hide their offenses from the public eye? This is what the Democratic party in this State is trying to do. Is the object of the bill to protect Chief Justice **Church** and his associates of the Court of Appeals, or the Supreme judges of the interior, or Judge **Daly** of the city Common Pleas, or any conspicuously upright magistrate in the State from criticism or censure? Would any such magistrate need or ask such power? Every body knows that they would not. Whom, then, this law means to invest with this authority is evident. It is the corrupt judges. Its true title would be, An Act to Destroy the Freedom of the Press, in Order to Promote and Conceal the Corruption of Certain Judges. And this is a Democratic proposition. And, as we write, a Democratic Governor is deliberating whether to sign it. *N.B.* It is the same Governor who signed the Erie bill.

"AN OUTRAGE ON WOMANHOOD."

There are a great many excellent American politicians who can not bring themselves to regard the extension of political rights to women as any thing but a rather weak jest. They will, of course, therefore, be confounded by the imposing array of familiar and honored names in England which favor the movement, and by the attention which the question receives in Parliament. Besides, although the proposition is defeated every time it is presented, it is always with an increasing minority. Mr. **Jacob Bright** recently introduced a bill to enfranchise women, and Mr. **Gladstone** made a speech of some length upon the question. He was not inclined to drag women into the mire of politics, as the common phrase is, but he did not object to female suffrage, founded, as in Italy, upon property, and said that he would sustain a careful measure for that object.

Mr. **Beresford Hope** gallantly opposed the bill as "an outrage upon womanhood." This is, in another form, the fine old Tory argument of the "bulwarks of the Constitution," which has done such untiring duty in the debates upon every reform ever proposed in Parliament. Moreover, it is the great and familiar argument of all the opponents of this measure. That women should own property and be taxed, that they should vote as stockholders, that they should be directors of charitable institutions, and sit upon school committees, that they should have political opinions and express them, and influence politics without responsibility as much as possible—all this is permitted; all this may be done without damage to the finer instincts of our common nature, and without desecrating the ideal of womanhood. But that they should express opinions in the form of a ballot, and sit upon committees for other purposes than charities and schools, this is an assault upon the foundations of things, and offers no prospect but that of chaos itself. It is a cataclysm like that of which **Holmes** sings:

> "And when I left, Society
> Had burst its ancient guards,
> And Brattle Street and Temple Place
> Were interchanging cards."

Mr. **Bright**'s proposed "outrage on womanhood" was defeated by a majority of sixty-nine only—a defeat full of promise.

A BUREAU OF CHARITIES.

Mr. Brace, whose life has been consecrated to successful charitable effort in the city of New York, writes a letter to the *Times* showing the need of a bureau of information. Every body who has had experience of the effort at relief of suffering and poverty will at once see the wisdom of the suggestion. It appears that charitable movements are constantly duplicating each other, to the general loss of the community in many ways. Moreover, from the want of general information as to the scope and method of various societies, they are constantly encroaching upon each other's proper field, while none of them touch vast masses of evil and suffering. One curious result of this situation is that shrewd idlers who make it a business to master the different requirements and conditions of various benevolent agencies in the city become comfortable paupers, who live "by a sort of science of alms." Like every Christian philanthropist who has carefully studied the subject, Mr. **Brace** is confident that this trade in alms paralyzes and ruins efficient charity.

He proposes a bureau of charities, at which every body could ascertain about every existing charity, which would serve also as a kind of clearing-house between the organizations themselves. It could not fail to help the poor and the honest; and if it were managed by the State Board of Charities, whose duty it is to expose bogus institutions, a great proportion of the swindling in charities would disappear, and charitable will and effort would be stimulated by knowing that they were efficient. For the nonce we make ourselves a bureau of charities to remind all who have flowers, and would cheer the weary and suffering souls in the hospitals, who can not behold the beauty of the season, that if they will leave or send flowers, few or many, to 237 Fourth Avenue, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, on Mondays and Thursdays, between ten and one o'clock, they will receive the blessings of the sick and dying. It is a charity in which many ladies known to us are interested. If there were a general bureau, this opportunity, which can now only be known to a few, would be known to all whose hearts incline them to benevolence.

THE PEOPLE AND THE KU-KLUX.

The President's proclamation under the Ku-Klux law is a simple, earnest appeal to the people of the disturbed section to keep the peace and secure the rights of all citizens through the agency of local laws. It is the sincere expression of a wish not to be compelled to exercise the great powers confided to him, but also of a fixed resolution not to hesitate to use them if his warning does not suffice. The proclamation is both firm and modest; and in the assertion of the authority confided to him by the representatives of the people it contrasts agreeably with the dictatorial tone which is apt to characterize such documents.

We have heretofore plainly expressed our unfavorable view of the law itself. Whether the method devised by Congress for restoring order and protecting rights is the best method remains to be proved. But there is no question in the mind of any honorable and intelligent citizen that the President speaks like the proved patriot and honest man that he is when he says: "It is my earnest wish that peace and cheerful obedience to the law may prevail throughout the land, and that all traces of our late unhappy civil strife may be speedily removed. These ends can be easily reached by acquiescence in the results of the conflict, now written in our Constitution, and by the due and proper enforcement of equal, just, and impartial laws in every part of our country." That is the platform of every hearty Republican; and that is what the Democrat resists.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We learn that the Massachusetts Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries have leased a fish pound on Vineyard Sound, and propose to carry it on in the interest of the State, with the special object of determining various questions connected with the influence which this kind of apparatus has upon our coast fisheries.

The report of the keeper of the celebrated Stormontfield salmon-breeding ponds, in Scotland, for 1870, shows that during the breeding season over 600,000 eggs were procured. The success of this establishment in rearing young fish is well known, the number of eggs hatched usually amounting to over 90 per cent., and most of the young are raised to the age of smolts with very little loss.

We learn from *Nature* that Dr. **Hooker** has just started on a botanical expedition of some eight or ten weeks into the little-known interior of Morocco. He is to be accompanied by Mr. J. **Bale** and Mr. G. **Maw**, while one of the gardeners of Kew will assist him in collecting plants.

The death of Professor **Lartet**, of Paris, makes a sad gap in the history of workers in the department of archæology and paleontology. This gentleman is well known for his scientific discoveries, and especially by his labors in connection with the prehistoric remains found in various parts of France, particularly those belonging to the so-called reindeer period. In the work undertaken by him in connection with Mr. **Henry Christy**, of London, entitled "Reliquiæ Aquitaniæ," and still in course of publication, are found the main results of the investigation in question. The fossil mammalia of France also received much attention from Professor **Lartet**. A special characteristic of Professor **Lartet** was his extreme generosity in sharing his collections, valuable series having been presented by him to many of the principal museums in Europe and America, with the special object of advancing science.

According to *Nature*, the leaders of the insurrection in Paris have suspended the publication of the "Comptes Rendus," the record of the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The Academy itself, however, continues its sessions uninterruptedly. It is stated that the public libraries and scientific establishments in Paris appear to be mostly closed, and that the museums have not as yet apparently been disturbed.

A company has lately been formed in the city of New York, with the title of "The Blooming Grove Park Association," which bids fair to furnish an important addition to the many sources of recreation and amusement at the command of New Yorkers. For this object a large tract of land has been purchased in Pike County, Pennsylvania, to the extent of twelve thousand acres, while other adjacent tracts have been rented for a given period. The company is authorized to own 30,000 acres, and to rent 20,000 more. It is proposed to inclose this property in a substantial fence, and to put up the buildings necessary to make the place one of wholesome and agreeable resort during the proper season of the year.

The prospectus of the Association states that a large amount of game is already to be found on this estate, and that measures have been initiated looking toward its increase, as well as to furnishing a full supply of trout and other fish in its lakes and streams. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has given a liberal charter securing to the company its rights and privileges, and its projectors are sanguine as to their ability to carry out to the utmost their anticipations, and to make the locality one of great attractiveness. The nearest station on the Erie Railroad is said to be only four hours' ride from New York, the head-quarters of the Park being ten miles distant. The president and officers of the Association are all well-known citizens of New York, Mr. **Fayette S. Giles** being the President; Colonel **Bruce**, Vice-President; Mr. **Genio C. Scott**, Treasurer; **Charles Hallock**, Corresponding Secretary; and Mr. **John M. Taylor**, Recording Secretary.

The capital stock is fixed at $225,000, in $450 shares, each share giving full membership, with its privileges, and a pro rata ownership in the property and all its improvements. The annual dues are not to exceed $75.

We are informed that 350 deer were killed on the estate last fall.

A trader who has just returned to New Mexico from the region of the Little Colorado announces the discovery, near that stream, of a remarkable series of walled forts, built of solid masonry, united with cement, and each provided with bastions, ditch, etc., and containing in the centre a reservoir for water. These, he says, occupy the extreme edges of high points of land jutting into the valley, and extending for a mile and a half along its course. In the bottom he found ruins of towers built of adobe, and traces of large irrigating ditches. Whether such remains actually have any existence, and, if so, whether they belong to the period of Spanish occupation of the country or not, or whether this account is to be ranked among the numerous archæological hoaxes so common at the present time, further inquiry is needed to determine.

The latest news from Sir **Samuel Baker**'s important command is to the effect that he is endeavoring to make a passage around a part of the river Nile that is filled up for two or three miles with dead trees and mud, at a point situated about 6° north latitude. We learn that Dr. **Gedge**, the surgeon and naturalist of the expedition, died ashore a short distance above Caitoon.

From the inquiries prosecuted on the part of the British survey ship *Porcupine*, during the past year, good evidence was found, in the opinion of Dr. **Carpenter**, to prove that while there is a constant surface stream flowing from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, there is also a constant return current in mid-channel from the Mediterranean toward the Atlantic. This fact has long been suspected by physicists, but now seems to have been well established by experiments made during the investigations referred to.

Researches in South Africa by Mr. **Bayne**, prosecuted for the last two or three years, are considered as adding an important chapter to the geography of the interior of that continent. The survey was extended over the gold-yielding country lying between the Limpopo and Zambezi rivers, the farthest point north reached being 70° 30' south latitude, the distance from the Zambezi at one time being only one hundred and twenty miles. On this line Mr. **Bayne** met with the upper part of a number of streams, flowing on the one side into the Zambezi, and on the other into the Indian Ocean, the high lands forming the water-shed of this part of Africa.

According to late advices from South America, an unusually brilliant electric phenomenon was visible from Tacna, on the coast of Peru, early in March of the present year, around the snowy peak of Tacora, lasting for over two hours. The lightnings were of extraordinary shapes, and the thunders were of such intensity, and were heard over so wide an extent of country, as to completely terrify the population, unused to such exhibitions. This unwonted display was preceded by a slight shock of earthquake on the previous night.

According to the *Comercio*, of Lima, on the 12th of February, at Pitchican, an extraordinary meteor, of an oblong shape, and of a red color, was seen to descend suddenly from the sky toward the earth; and, as soon as it touched, an explosion occurred, leaving a dense cloud over the place, and knocking down a fence for about five hundred yards. Among the stones heaped around by this meteoric body were found recently deceased fishes of different species, which were supposed to have been lifted out of the river and dashed against the stones.

The details of later advices from the Isthmus of Panama indicate the discovery of a rather low water-shed between the Atlantic and Pacific, on the Isthmus of Darien, although the feasibility of constructing a canal is, after all, by no means well established. As far as the engineering possibilities are concerned, the chance seems to be much more favorable by way of Nicaragua, the result of a late investigation by Mr. **Sonnenstern** in behalf of the Nicaraguan government serving to show that a route of 220 miles can be found connecting the two oceans, 196 of which is already constituted by the rivers and lakes of the country, leaving only twenty-four miles of land to be excavated, with a maximum elevation of not more than twenty-six feet. A slight drawback, however, to the value of this line is to be found in the fact, stated in the same paper, that the harbor of San Juan del Norte has been nearly filled up by a sand-bar, entirely preventing the entrance of vessels!

We gave an account, some months ago, of the geological explorations prosecuted during the past summer by Professor F. V. **Hayden**, under the authority of the Department of the Interior, and pointed out his route and the general result of his labors. The official report of this exploration has just been published by government in a well-printed volume of over five hundred pages, containing a full account of the geology and natural history of the region traversed. It embraces an article by Professor **Hayden** upon the physical character and local geology of the different sections of his route, which extended from Cheyenne, by way of Fort Fetterman, South Pass, Fort Bridger, the Uinta Mountains, to Green River, and back again, viâ Bridger's Pass, to Cheyenne. This is followed by an account of the geology of the Missouri Valley from Omaha to Salt Lake Valley, with observations on the mines, ores, coals, and salts.

An appendix contains an article by Professor **Cyrus Thomas** upon the agricultural possibilities of the country, with a list of the orthopterous insects, including a number of new species, followed by a number of special reports—one by Professor **Meek**, on the invertebrate fossils; on the tertiary coals of the West, by Professor **Hodge**; on the ancient lakes of Western America, by Professor **Newberry**; on the vertebrate fossils of the tertiary formation, by Professor **Leidy**; on the fossil plants of the cretaceous and tertiary formations of Kansas and Nebraska, by Mr. **Lesquereux**; on the fossil reptiles and fishes of the cretaceous rocks of Kansas, the fossil fishes of the Green River group, and the recent reptiles and fishes, by Professor **Cope**; and on the industrial resources of Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado, by Mr. **Elliott**. Lists of the mammals, mollusks, and birds, of the coleoptera, hemiptera, and plants, are also included, together with an account of the general meteorology of the expedition. A large number of new species of different kinds are described, and the whole work forms a very important addition to our information relative to the geology, geography, and natural history of the West.

At the meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, held on the 17th of April, attention was called by the President, Dr. **Blake**, to the state of the atmosphere during the preceding few days, the barometer having been lower than at any time during the past winter. A southerly wind had prevailed also for an unusual length of time. This adds to the list of uncommon disturbances of the atmosphere on the western coast, reference to which, as occurring on the coast of Chili and Peru, is made in another column.

The first steamer of the new line of the North German Lloyds Company, running between Bremen and the Isthmus of Panama, arrived at Aspinwall on the 27th of March.

The second and third annual reports of the Peabody Academy of Science of Salem (for 1869 and 1870) have just been published, giving a gratifying account of the activity of that young and energetic society, which, although only in the third year of its existence, already ranks among the best establishments of the kind in the country, and which, in the number of excellent working naturalists associated with it, is rapidly making its mark. The donations to the museum of the academy during 1870 alone amounted to 195, received from 148 different persons. The identification of the specimens presented has been accomplished by the officers of the academy, aided by specialists in other parts of the country. The reports embrace references to several exploring expeditions instituted in the interest of the academy in different parts of the United States as well as in Central America.

The second number of the first volume of the Memoirs of the academy has also just appeared, and closely resembles typographically, as well as in size and other features, the well-known Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the Museum of Comparative Zoology. This part is occupied entirely by a paper upon the embryology of certain neuropterous and other insects, by Dr. A. S. **Packard**, Jun., the Secretary of the Council.

The first annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New Jersey (Drs. **Slack** and **Howell**) has just been published, and contains much important information in regard to the fisheries of the Delaware River. The future reports of these gentlemen as to their success in carrying out the programme detailed in the introductory paper will be looked for with much interest by persons who are occupied with the subject of fish and fisheries.

The use of iron tanks of large dimensions for transporting petroleum from the oil wells to great distances was justly looked upon as one of the greatest improvements in the business, on account of the saving of expense in the way of casks, and the avoidance of danger in consequence of leakage. An ingenious firm in Cincinnati, Messrs. A. **Gunnison** & Co., have introduced this same feature into the transportation of lard-oil, and especially of whale-oil; and it is more than probable that in a very short time the cargoes of the whalers in the Pacific will be shipped at San Francisco in such tanks, and brought across the country to the East.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

President Grant has taken steps to protect the citizens of South Carolina from further outrages by the Ku-Klux by sending a strong body of cavalry, a detachment of infantry, and several pieces of artillery to Charleston and Columbia, for use in any counties where the civil authorities are powerless to give protection.

Decisions have just been rendered in the Supreme Court of the United States in the legal tender cases of Knox *vs.* Lee, and Parker *vs.* Davis, affirming that the act of Congress known as the "Legal Tender act," as to contracts before and since the war, is constitutional. The Chief Justice, and Justices Nelson, Clifford, and Field, dissented.

The investigation into the alleged election frauds in Connecticut has brought gross irregularities to light, and shows that the ballot-boxes were in several instances tampered with after the polls had closed.

The mining troubles seem to be approaching an end. The miners have lost confidence in the leaders, who have deceived them with false representations, and after losing half a year's wages, they are gradually returning to work.

The Russian consul in this city has received official intelligence that the visit of the Russian prince to this country has been postponed till fall.

The returns show that nearly every town in Massachusetts which recently voted on the question of licensing the sale of beer and ale, voted "no" by a large majority.

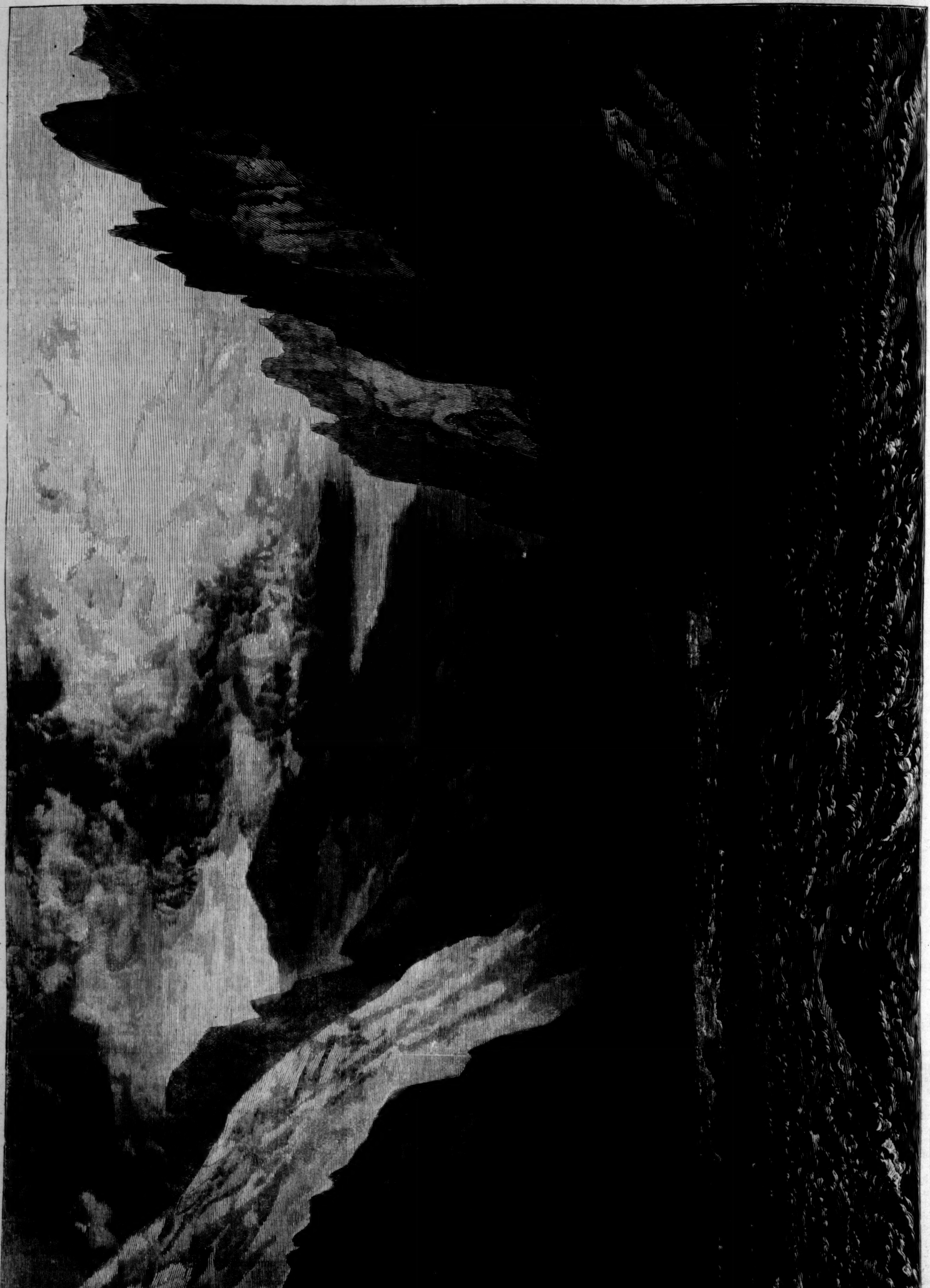
FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 8th instant affairs in and around Paris remained essentially unchanged. Several minor engagements had taken place before the walls, in which the Versailles troops generally had the advantage. General Cluseret has been dismissed from the position of Minister of War, by order of the Commune, for failing to have Fort Issy properly defended.

The Thiers government has decreed the banishment of the Orleans princes.

The Commune has abolished all political and professional oaths, and suppressed no less than six journals.

Official intelligence of the safety of Dr. Livingstone has been received in London.



THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE, NEAR ORSOVA, IN WALLACHIA.—[See Page 462.]

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"MAY it please your Lordship: Gentlemen of the Jury—The plaintiff in this case is Richard Bassett, Esquire, the direct and lineal representative of that old and honorable family, whose monuments are to be seen in several churches in this county, and whose estates are the largest, I believe, in the county. He would have succeeded, as a matter of course, to those estates, but for an arrangement made only a year before he was born, by which, contrary to nature and justice, he was denuded of those estates, and they passed to the defendant. The defendant is nowise to blame for that piece of injustice; but he profits by it, and it might be expected that his good fortune would soften his heart toward his unfortunate relative. I say that if uncommon tenderness might be expected to be shown by any body to this deserving and unfortunate gentleman, it would be by Sir Charles Bassett, who enjoys his cousin's ancestral estates, and can so well appreciate what that cousin has lost by no fault of his own."

"Hear! hear!"

"Silence in the court!"

The Judge.—I must request that there may be no manifestation of feeling.

Counsel.—I will endeavor to provoke none, my lord. It is a very simple case, and I shall not occupy you long. Well, gentlemen, Mr. Bassett is a poor man, by no fault of his; but if he is poor, he is proud and honorable. He has met the frowns of fortune like a gentleman—like a man. He has not solicited government for a place. He has not whined nor lamented. He has dignified unmerited poverty by prudence and self-denial; and, unable to forget that he is a Bassett, he has put by a little money every year, and bought a small estate or two, and had even applied to the Lord-Lieutenant to make him a justice of the peace, when a most severe and unexpected blow fell upon him. Among those large proprietors who respected him in spite of his humbler circumstances was Mr. Hardwicke, one of the county members. Well, gentlemen, on the 21st of last May Mr. Bassett received a letter from Mr. Hardwicke inclosing one purporting to be from Sir Charles Bassett—

The Judge.—Does Sir Charles Bassett admit the letter?

Defendant's Counsel (after a word with Oldfield).—Yes, my lord.

Plaintiff's Counsel.—A letter admitted to be written by Sir Charles Bassett. That letter shall be read to you.

The letter was then read.

The counsel resumed: "Conceive, if you can, the effect of this blow, just as my unhappy and most deserving client was rising a little in the world. I shall prove that it excluded him from Mr. Hardwicke's house, and other houses too. He is a man of too much importance to risk affronts. He has never entered the door of any gentleman in this county since his powerful relative published this cruel libel. He has drawn his Spartan cloak around him, and he awaits your verdict to resume that place among you which is due to him in every way—due to him as the heir in direct line to the wealth, and, above all, to the honor of the Bassetts; due to him as Sir Charles Bassett's heir at law; and due to him on account of the decency and fortitude with which he has borne adversity, and with which he now repels foul-mouthed slander."

"Hear! hear!"

"Silence in the court!"

"I have done, gentlemen, for the present. Indeed, eloquence, even if I possessed it, would be superfluous; the facts speak for themselves.—Call James Hardwicke, Esq."

Mr. Hardwicke proved the receipt of the letter from Sir Charles, and that he had sent it to Mr. Bassett; and that Mr. Bassett had not entered his house since then, nor had he invited him.

Mr. Bassett was then called, and, being duly trained by Wheeler, abstained from all heat, and wore an air of dignified dejection. His counsel examined him, and his replies bore out the opening statement. Every body thought him sure of a verdict.

He was then cross-examined. Defendant's counsel pressed him about his unfair way of shooting. The judge interfered, and said that was trifling. If there was no substantial defense, why not settle the matter?

"There is a defense, my lord."

"Then it is time you disclosed it."

"Very well, my lord. Mr. Bassett, did you ever write an anonymous letter?"

"Not that I remember."

"Oh, that appears to you a trifle. It is not so considered."

The Judge.—Be more particular in your question.

"I will, my lord.—Did you ever write an anonymous letter, to make mischief between Sir Charles and Lady Bassett?"

"Never," said the witness; but he turned pale.

"Do you mean to say you did not write this letter to Miss Bruce? Look at the letter, Mr. Bassett, before you reply."

Bassett cast one swift glance of agony at Wheeler; then braced himself like iron. He examined the letter attentively, turned it over, lived an age, and said it was not his writing.

"Do you swear that?"

"Certainly."

Defendant's Counsel.—I shall ask your lordship to take down that reply. If persisted in, my client will indict the witness for perjury.

Plaintiff's Counsel.—Don't threaten the witness as well as insult him, please.

The Judge.—He is an educated man, and knows the duty he owes to God and the defendant.—Take time, Mr. Bassett, and recollect. Did you write that letter?

"No, my lord."

Counsel waited for the judge to note the reply, then proceeded.

"You have lately corresponded with Lady Bassett, I think?"

"Yes. Her ladyship opened a correspondence with me."

"It is a lie!" roared Sir Charles Bassett from the door of the grand jury room.

"Silence in the court!"

The Judge.—Who made that unseemly remark?

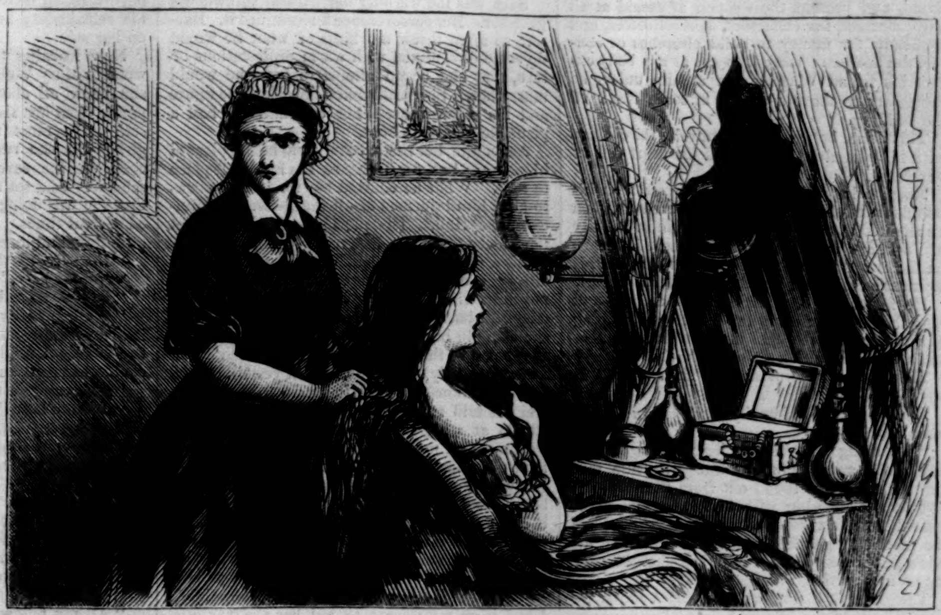
Sir Charles.—I did, my lord. My wife never corresponded with the cur.

The Plaintiff.—It is only one insult more, gentlemen, and as false as the rest. Permit me, my lord. My own counsel would never have put the question. I would not, for the world, give Lady Bassett pain; but Sir Charles and his counsel have extorted the truth from me. Her ladyship did open a correspondence with me, and a friendly one.

The Plaintiff's Counsel.—Will your lordship ask whether that was after the defendant had written the libel?

The question was put, and answered in the affirmative.

Lady Bassett hid her face in her hands. Sir Charles saw the movement, and groaned aloud.



"MARY," SAID SHE, "WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

The Judge.—I beg the case may not be encumbered with irrelevant matter.

Counsel replied that the correspondence would be made evidence in the case. (*To the witness.*)—"You wrote this letter to Lady Bassett?"

"Yes."

"And every word in it?"

"And every word in it," faltered Bassett, now ashy pale, for he began to see the trap.

"Then you wrote this word 'character,' and this word 'injured,' and this word—"

The Judge (peevishly).—He tells you he wrote every word in those letters to Lady Bassett. What more would you have?

Counsel.—If your lordship will be good enough to examine the correspondence, and compare those words in it I have underlined with the same words in the anonymous letter, you will perhaps find I know my business better than you seem to think. (The counsel who ventured on this remonstrance was a sergeant.)

"Brother Eitherside," said the judge, with a charming manner, "you satisfied me of that, to my cost, long ago, whenever I had you against me in a case. Please hand me the letters."

While the judge was making a keen comparison, counsel continued the cross-examination.

"You are aware that this letter caused a separation between Sir Charles Bassett and the lady he was engaged to?"

"I know nothing about it?"

"Indeed! Well, were you acquainted with the Miss Somerset mentioned in this letter?"

"Slightly."

"You have been at her house?"

"Once or twice."

"Which? Twice is double as often as once, you know."

"Twice."

"No more?"

"Not that I recollect."

"You wrote to her?"

"I may have."

"Did you, or did you not?"

"I did."

"What was the purport of that letter?"

"I can't recollect at this distance of time."

"On your oath, Sir, did you not write urging her to co-operate with you to keep Sir Charles Bassett from marrying his affianced, Miss Bella Bruce, to whom that anonymous letter was written with the same object?"

The perspiration now rolled in visible drops down the tortured liar's face. Yet still, by a gigantic effort, he stood firm, and even planted a blow.

"I did not write the anonymous letter. But I believe I told Miss Somerset I loved Miss Bruce, and that *her* lover was robbing me of mine, as he had robbed me of every thing else."

"And that was all you said—on your oath?"

"All I can recollect." With this the strong man, cowed, terrified, expecting his letter to Somerset to be produced, and so the iron chain of evidence completed, gasped out, "Man, you tear open all my wounds at once!" and with this burst out sobbing, and lamenting aloud that he had ever been born.

Counsel waited calmly till he should be in a condition to receive another dose.

"Oh, will nobody stop this cruel trial?" said Lady Bassett, with the tears trickling down her face.

The judge heard this remark without seeming to do so.

He said to defendant's counsel, "Whatever the truth may be, you have proved enough to show Sir Charles Bassett might well have an honest conviction that Mr. Bassett had done a dastardly act. Whether a jury would ever agree on a question of handwriting must always be doubtful. Looking at the relationship of the parties, is it advisable to carry this matter farther? If I might advise the gentlemen, they would each consent to withdraw a juror."

Upon this suggestion the counsel for both parties put their heads together in animated whispers; and during this the judge made a remark to the jury, intended for the public: "Since Lady Bassett's name has been drawn into this, I must say that I have read her letters to Mr. Bassett, and they are such as she could write without in the least compromising her husband. Indeed, now the defense is disclosed, they appear to me to be wise and kindly letters, such as only a good wife, a high-bred lady, and a true Christian could write in so delicate a matter."

Plaintiff's Counsel.—My lord, we are agreed to withdraw a juror.

Defendant's Counsel.—Out of respect for your lordship's advice, and not from any doubt of the result on *our* part.

The Crier.—WACE *v.* HALIBURTON!

And so the car of justice rolled on till it came to Wheeler *v.* Bassett.

This case was soon disposed of.

Sir Charles Bassett was dignified and calm in the witness-box, and treated the whole matter with high-bred nonchalance, as one unworthy of the attention the Court was good enough to bestow on it. The judge disapproved the assault, but said the plaintiff had drawn it on himself by unprofessional conduct, and by threatening a gentleman in his own house. Verdict for the plaintiff—40*s*. The judge refused to certify for costs.

Lady Bassett, her throat parched with excitement, drove home, and awaited her husband's return with no little anxiety. As soon as she heard him in his dressing-room she glided in, and went down on her knees to him. "Pray, pray don't scold me; I couldn't bear you to be defeated, Charles."

Sir Charles raised her, but did not kiss her.

"You think only of me," said he, rather sadly. "It is a sorry victory, too dearly bought."

Then she began to cry.

Sir Charles begged her not to cry; but still he did not kiss her, nor conceal his mortification: he hardly spoke to her for several days.

She accepted her disgrace pensively and patiently. She thought it all over, and felt her husband was right, and loved her like a man. But she thought, also, that she was not very wrong to love him in her way. Wrong or not, she felt she could not sit idle and see his enemy defeat him.

The coolness died away by degrees, with so much humility on one side and so much love on both: but the subject was interdicted forever.

A week after the trial Lady Bassett wrote to Mrs. Marsh, under cover to Mr. Oldfield, and told her how the trial had gone, and, with many expressions of gratitude, invited her and her husband to Huntercombe Hall. She told Sir Charles what she had done, and he wore a very strange look. "Might I suggest that we have them alone?" said he, dryly.

"By all means," said Lady Bassett. "I don't want to share my paragon with any body."

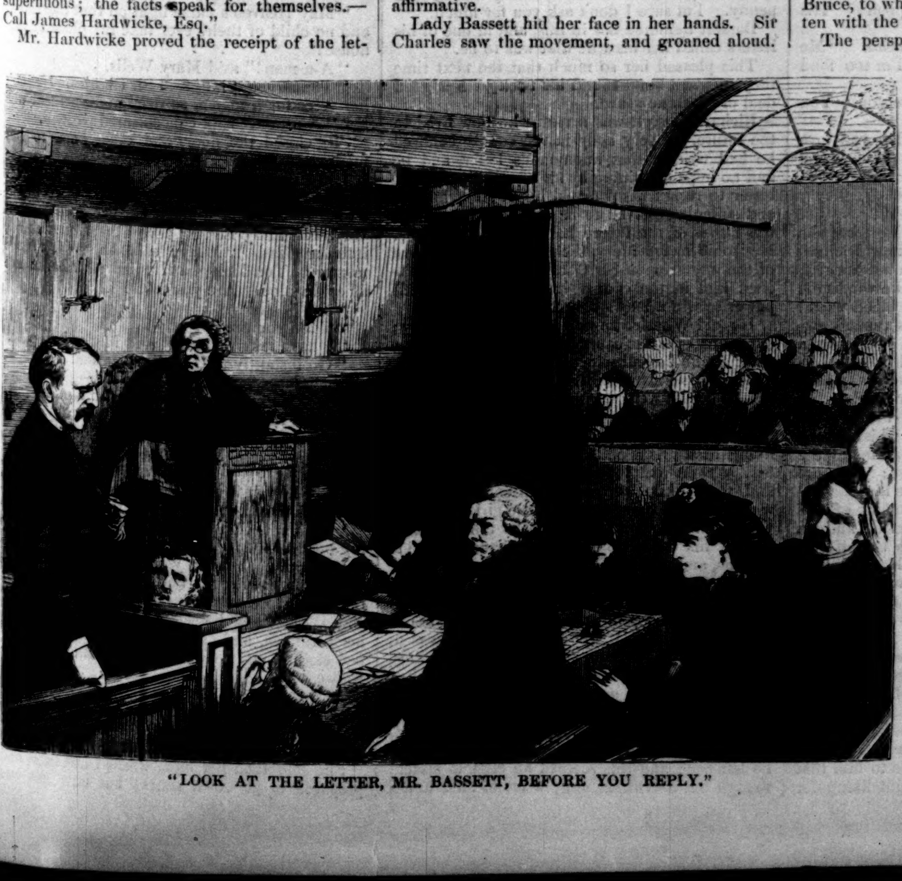
In due course a reply came; Mr. and Mrs. Marsh would avail themselves some day of Lady Bassett's kindness: at present they were going abroad. The letter was written by a man's hand.

About this time Oldfield sent Sir Charles Miss Somerset's deed, canceled, and told him she had married a man of fortune, who was devoted to her, and preferred to take her without any dowry.

Bassett and Wheeler went home, crest-fallen, and dined together. They discussed the two trials, and each blamed the other. They quarreled and parted: and Wheeler sent in an enormous bill, extending over five years. Eighty-five items began thus: "Attending you at your house for several hours, on which occasion you asked my advice as to whether—" etc.

Now as a great many of these attendances had been really to shoot game and dine on rabbits at Bassett's expense, he thought it hard the conversations should be charged and the rabbits not.

Disgusted with his defeat, and resolved to evade this bill, he discharged his servant, and put a retired soldier into his house, armed him with a blunderbuss, and ordered him to keep all doors



"LOOK AT THE LETTER, MR. BASSETT, BEFORE YOU REPLY."

closed, and present the weapon aforesaid at all rate collectors, tax collectors, debt collectors, and applicants for money to build churches or convert the heathen; but not to *fire* at any body except his friend Wheeler, nor at him unless he should try to shove a writ in at some chink of the building.

This done, he went on his travels, third-class, with his eyes always open, and his heart full of bitterness.

Nothing happened to Richard Bassett on his travels that I need relate until one evening when he alighted at a small commercial inn in the city of York, and there met a person whose influence on the events I am about to relate seems at this moment incredible to me, though it is simple fact.

He found the commercial room empty, and rang the bell. In came the waiter, a strapping girl, with coal-black eyes and brows to match, and a brown skin, but glowing cheeks.

They both started at sight of each other. It was Polly Somerset.

"Why, Polly! How d'ye do? How do you come here?"

"It's along of you I'm here, young man," said Polly, and began to whimper. She told him her sister had found out from the page she had been colloguing with him, and had never treated her like a sister after that. "And when she married a gentleman she wouldn't have me aside her for all I could say, but she did pack me off into service, and here I be."

The girl was handsome, and had a liking for him. Bassett was idle, and time hung heavy on his hands: he staid at the inn a fortnight, more for Polly's company than any thing: and at last offered to put her into a vacant cottage on his own little estate of Highmore. But the girl was shrewd, and had seen a great deal of life this last three years; she liked Richard in her way, but she saw he was all self, and she would not trust him. "Nay," said she, "I'll not break with Rhoda for any young man in Britain. If I leave service she will never own me at all: she is as hard as iron."

"Well, but you might come and take service near me, and then we could often get a word together."

"Oh, I'm agreeable to that: you find me a good place. I like an inn best; one sees fresh faces."

Bassett promised to manage that for her. On reaching home he found a conciliatory letter from Wheeler, coupled with his permission to tax the bill according to his own notion of justice. This and other letters were in an out-house; the old soldier had not permitted them to penetrate the fortress. He had entered into the spirit of his instructions, and to him a letter was a probable hand-grenade.

Bassett sent for Wheeler; the bill was reduced, and a small payment made; the rest postponed till better times. Wheeler was then consulted about Polly, and he told his client the landlady of the "Lamb" wanted a good active waitress; he thought he could arrange that little affair.

In due course, thanks to this artist, Mary Wells, hitherto known as Polly Somerset, landed with her boxes at the "Lamb;" and with her quick foot, her black eyes, and ready tongue soon added to the popularity of the inn. Richard Bassett, Esq., for one, used to sup there now and then with his friend Wheeler, and even sleep there after supper.

By-and-by the vicar of Huntercombe wanted a servant, and offered to engage Mary Wells.

She thought twice about that. She could neither write nor read, and therefore was dreadfully dull without company; the bustle of an inn, and people coming and going, amused her. However, it was a temptation to be near Richard Bassett; so she accepted at last. Unable to write, she could not consult him; and she made sure he would be delighted.

But when she got into the village the prudent Mr. Bassett drew in his horns, and avoided her. She was mortified and very angry. She revenged herself on her employer; broke double her wages. The vicar had never been able to convert a smasher; so he parted with her very readily to Lady Bassett, with a hint that she was rather unfortunate in glass and china.

In that large house her spirits rose and, having a hearty manner and a clapper tongue, she became a general favorite.

One day she met Mr. Bassett in the village, and he seemed delighted at the sight of her, and begged her to meet him that night at a certain place where Sir Charles's garden was divided from his own by a ha-ha. It was a very secluded spot, shut out from view, even in daylight, by the trees and shrubs and the winding nature of the walk that led to it; yet it was scarcely a hundred yards from Huntercombe Hall.

Mary Wells came to the tryst, but in no amorous mood. She came merely to tell Mr. Bassett her mind, viz., that he was a shabby fellow, and she had had her cry, and didn't care a straw for him now. And she did tell him so, in a loud voice, and with a flushed cheek.

But he set to work, humbly and patiently, to pacify her; he represented that, in a small house like the vicarage, every thing is known; he should have ruined her character if he had not held aloof. "But it is different now," said he. "You can run out of Huntercombe House, and meet me here, and nobody be any the wiser."

"Not I," said Mary Wells, with a toss. "The worst thing a girl can do is to keep company with a gentleman. She must meet him in holes and corners, and be flung off, like an old glove, when she has served his turn."

"That will never happen to you, Polly dear. We must be prudent for the present; but I shall be more my own master some day, and then you will see how I love you."

"Seeing is believing," said the girl, sullenly. "You be too fond of yourself to love the likes o' me."

Such was the warning her natural shrewdness gave her. But perseverance undermined it. Bassett so often threw out hints of what he would do some day, mixed with warm protestations of love, that she began almost to hope he would marry her. She really liked him; his fine figure and his color pleased her eye, and he had a plausible tongue to boot.

As for him, her rustic beauty and health pleased his senses; but, for his heart, she had little place in that. What he courted her for just now was to keep him informed of all that passed in Huntercombe Hall. His morbid soul hung about that place, and he listened greedily to Mary Wells's gossip. He had counted on her volubility; it did not disappoint him. She never met him without a budget, one-half of it lies or exaggerations. She was a born liar. One night she came in high spirits, and greeted him thus: "What d'ye think? I'm riz! Mrs. Eden, that dresses my lady's hair, she took ill yesterday, and I told the housekeeper I was used to dress hair, and she told my lady. If you didn't please our Rhoda at that, 'twas as much as your life was worth. You mustn't be thinking of your young man with her hair in your hand, or she'd rouse you with a good crack on the crown with a hair-brush. So I dressed my lady's hair, and handled it like old chaney; by the same token, she is so pleased with me you can't think. She is a real lady; not like our Rhoda. Speaks as civil to me as if I was one of her own sort; and, says she, 'I should like to have you about me, if I might.' I had it on my tongue to tell her she was mistress; but I was a little skeared at her at first, you know. But she will have me about her; I see it in her eye."

Bassett was delighted at this news, but he did not speak his mind all at once; the time was not come. He let the gypsy rattle on, and bided his time. He flattered her, and said he envied Lady Bassett to have such a beautiful girl about her. "I'll let *my* hair grow," said he.

"Ay, do," said she, "and then I'll pull it for you."

This challenge ended in a little struggle for a kiss, the sincerity of which was doubtful. Polly resisted vigorously, to be sure, but briefly, and, having given in, returned it.

One day she told him Sir Charles had met her plump, and had given a great start.

This made Bassett very uneasy. "Confound it, he will turn you away. He will say, 'This girl knows too much.'"

"How simple you be!" said the girl. "D'ye think I let him know? Says he, 'I think I have seen you before.' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I was house-maid here before my lady had me to dress her.' 'No,' says he, 'I mean in London—in Mayfair, you know.' I declare you might ha' knocked me down wi' a feather. So I looks in his face, as cool as marble, and I said, 'No, Sir; I never had the luck to see London, Sir,' says I. 'All the better for you,' says he; and he swallowed it like spring water, as sister Rhoda used to say when *she* told one and they believed it."

"You are a clever girl," said Bassett. "He would have turned you out of the house if he had known who you were."

She disappointed him in one thing; she was bad at answering questions. Morally she was not quite so great an egotist as himself, but intellectually a greater. Her volubility was all egotism. She could scarcely say ten words, except about herself. So, when Bassett questioned her about Sir Charles and Lady Bassett, she said "Yes," or "No," or "I don't know," and was off at a tangent to her own sayings and doings.

Bassett, however, by great patience and tact, extracted from her at last that Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were both sore at not having children, and that Lady Bassett bore the blame.

"That is a good joke," said he. "The smoke-dried rake! Polly, you might do me a good turn. You have got her ear; open her eyes for me. What might not happen?" His eyes shone fiendishly.

The young woman shook her head. "Me meddle between man and wife! I'm too fond of my place."

"Ah, you don't love me as I love you. You think only of yourself."

"And what do you think of? Do you love me well enough to find me a better place, if you get me turned out of Huntercombe Hall?"

"Yes, I will; a much better."

"That is a bargain."

Mary Wells was silly in some things, but she was very cunning too; and she knew Richard Bassett's hobby. She told him to mind himself, as well as Sir Charles, or perhaps he would die a bachelor, and so his flesh and blood would never inherit Huntercombe. This remark entered his mind. The trial, though apparently a drawn battle, had been fatal to him—he was cut; he dared not pay his addresses to any lady in the county, and he often felt very lonely now. So every thing combined to draw him toward Mary Wells—her swarthy beauty, which shone out at church like a black diamond among the other women; his own loneliness; and the pleasure these stolen meetings gave him. Custom itself is pleasant, and the company of this handsome chatterbox became a habit, and an agreeable one. The young woman herself employed a woman's arts; she was cold and loving by turns, till at last he gave her what she was working for, a downright promise of marriage. She pretended not to believe him, and so led him further; he swore he would marry her.

He made one stipulation, however. She really must learn to read and write first.

When he had sworn this Mary became more uniformly affectionate; and as women who have been in service learn great self-government, and can generally please so long as it serves their turn, she made herself so agreeable to him that he began really to have a downright liking for her—a liking bounded, of course, by his incurable selfishness; but as for his hobby, that was on her side.

Now learning to read and write was wormwood to Mary Wells; but the prize was so great; she knew all about the Huntercombe estates, partly from her sister, partly from Bassett himself. (He must tell his wrongs even to this girl.) So she resolved to pursue matrimony, even on the severe condition of becoming a scholar. She set about it as follows: One day that she was doing Lady Bassett's hair she sighed several times. This was to attract the lady's attention, and it succeeded.

"Is there any thing the matter, Mary?"

"No, my lady."

"I think there is."

"Well, my lady, I am in a little trouble; but it is my own people's fault for not sending of me to school. I might be married to-morrow if I could only read and write."

"And can you not?"

"No, my lady."

"Dear me! I thought every body could read and write nowadays."

"La, no, my lady! not half of them in our village."

"Your parents are much to blame, my poor girl. Well, but it is not too late. Now I think of it, there is an adult school in the village. Shall I arrange for you to go to it?"

"Thank you, my lady. But then—"

"Well?"

"All my fellow-servants would have a laugh against me."

"The person you are engaged to, will he not instruct you?"

"Oh, he have no time to teach me. Besides I don't want him to know, either. But I won't be his wife to shame him." (Another sigh.)

"Mary," said Lady Bassett, in the innocence of her heart, "you shall not be mortified, and you shall not lose a good marriage. I will try and teach you myself."

Mary was profuse in thanks. Lady Bassett received them rather coldly. She gave her a few minutes' instruction in her dressing-room every day; and Mary, who could not have done any thing intellectual for half an hour at a stretch, gave her whole mind for those few minutes. She was quick, and learned very fast. In two months she could read a great deal more than she could understand, and could write slowly but very clearly.

Now by this time Lady Bassett had become so interested in her pupil that she made her read letters and newspapers to her at those parts of the toilet when her services were not required.

Mary Wells, though a great chatterbox, was the closest girl in England. Limpet never stuck to a rock as she could stick to a lie. She never said one word to Bassett about Lady Bassett's lessons. She kept strict silence till she could write a letter, and then she sent him a line to say she had learned to write for love of him, and she hoped he would keep his promise.

Bassett's vanity was flattered by this. But, on reflection, he suspected it was a falsehood. He asked her suddenly, at their next meeting, who had written that note for her.

"You shall see me write the fellow to it when you like," was the reply.

Bassett resolved to submit the matter to that test some day. At present, however, he took her word for it, and asked her who had taught her.

"I had to teach myself. Nobody cares enough for me to teach me. Well, I'll forgive you if you will write me a nice letter for mine."

"What! when we can meet here and say every thing?"

"No matter; I have written to you, and you might write to me. They all get letters, except me; and the jades hold 'em up to me: they see I never get one. When you are out, post me a letter now and then. It will only cost you a penny. I'm sure I don't ask you for much."

Bassett humored her in this, and in one of his letters called her his wife that was to be.

This pleased her so much that the next time they met she hung round his neck with a good deal of feminine grace.

Richard Bassett was a man who now lived in the future. Every body in the county believed he had written that anonymous letter, and he had no hope of shining by his own light. It was bitter to resign his personal hopes; but he did, and sullenly resolved to be obscure himself, but the father of the future heirs of Huntercombe. He would marry Mary Wells, and lay the blame of the match upon Sir Charles, who had blackened him in the county, and put it out of his power to win a lady's hand.

He told Wheeler he was determined to marry; but he had not the courage to tell him all at once what a wife he had selected.

The consequence of this half confession was that Wheeler went to work to find him a girl with money, and not under county influence.

One of Wheeler's clients was a retired citizen, living in a pretty villa near the market town. Mr. Wright employed him in little matters, and found him active and attentive. There was a Miss Wright, a meek little girl, palish, on whom her father doted. Wheeler talked to this girl of his friend Bassett, his virtues and his wrongs, and interested the young lady in him. This done, he brought him to the house, and the girl, being slight and delicate, gazed with gentle but undisguised admiration on Bassett's *torso*. Wheeler had told Richard Miss Wright was to have seven thousand pounds on her wedding-day, and that excited a corresponding admiration in the athletic gentleman.

After that Bassett often called by himself, and the father encouraged the intimacy. He was old, and wished to see his daughter married before he left her; and this seemed an eligible match, though not a brilliant one; a bit of land and a good name on one side, a smart bit of money on the other. The thing went on wheels. Richard Bassett was engaged to Jane Wright almost before he was aware.

Now he felt uneasy about Mary Wells, very uneasy; but it was only the uneasiness of selfishness.

He began to try and prepare; he affected business visits to distant places, etc., in order to break off by degrees. By this means their meetings were comparatively few. When they did meet (which was now generally by written appointment), he tried to prepare by telling her he had encountered losses, and feared that to marry her would be a bad job for her as well as for him, especially if she should have children.

Mary replied she had been used to work, and would rather work for a husband than any other master.

On another occasion she asked him quietly whether a gentleman ever broke his oath.

"Never," said Richard.

In short, she gave him no opening. She would not quarrel. She adhered to him as she had never adhered to any thing but a lie before.

Then he gave up all hope of smoothing the matter. He coolly cut her; never came to the trysting-place; did not answer her letters; and, being a reckless egotist, married Jane Wright all in a hurry, by special license.

He sent forward to the clerk of Huntercombe church, and engaged the ringers to ring the church-bells from six o'clock till sundown. This was for Sir Charles's ears.

It was a balmy evening in May. Lady Bassett was commencing her toilet in an indolent way, with Mary Wells in attendance, when the church-bells of Huntercombe struck up a merry peal.

"Ah!" said Lady Bassett; "what is that for? Do you know, Mary?"

"No, my lady. Shall I ask?"

"No; I dare say it is a village wedding."

"No, my lady, there's nobody been married here this six weeks. Our kitchen-maid and the baker was the last, you know. I'll send and know what it is for."

Mary went out, and dispatched the first house-maid she caught for intelligence. The girl ran into the stable to her sweetheart, and he told her directly.

Meantime Lady Bassett moralized upon church-bells.

"They are always sad—saddest when they seem to be merriest. Poor things! they are trying hard to be merry now; but they sound very sad to me—sadder than usual, somehow."

The girl knocked at the door. Mary half opened it, and the news shot in—"'Tis for Squire Bassett; he is bringing of his bride home to Highmore to-day."

"Mr. Bassett—married—that is sudden. Who could he find to marry him?"

There was no reply. The house-maid had flown off to circulate the news, and Mary Wells was supporting herself by clutching the door, sick with the sudden blow.

Close as she was, her distress could not have escaped another woman's eye, but Lady Bassett never looked at her. After the first surprise she had gone into a reverie, and was conjuring up the future to the sound of those church-bells. She requested Mary to go and tell Sir Charles; but she did not lift her head, even to give this order.

Mary crept away, and knocked at Sir Charles's dressing-room.

"Come in," said Sir Charles, thinking, of course, it was his valet.

Mary Wells just opened the door, and held it ajar. "My lady bids me tell you, Sir, the bells are ringing for Mr. Bassett; he's married, and brings her home to-night."

A dead silence marked the effect of this announcement on Sir Charles. Mary Wells waited.

"May Heaven's curse light on that marriage, and no child of theirs ever take my place in this house!"

"A-a-men!" said Mary Wells.

"Thank you, Sir!" said Sir Charles. He took her voice for a man's, so deep and guttural was her "A-a-men" with concentrated passion.

She closed the door, and crept back to her mistress.

Lady Bassett was seated at her glass, with her hair down, and her shoulders bare. Mary clinched her teeth, and set about her usual work; but very soon Lady Bassett gave a start, and stared into the glass. "Mary!" said she, "what *is* the matter? You look ghastly, and your hands are as cold as ice. Are you faint?"

"No."

"Then you are ill; very ill."

"I have taken a chill," said Mary, doggedly.

"Go instantly to the still-room maid, and get a large glass of spirits and hot water—quite hot."

Mary, who wanted to be out of the room, fastened her mistress's back hair with dogged patience, and then moved toward the door.

"Mary," said Lady Bassett, in a half-apologetic tone.

"My lady."

"I should like to hear what the bride is like."

"I'll know that to-night," said Mary, grinding her teeth.

"I shall not require you again till bed-time."

Mary left the room, and went, not to the still-room, but to her own garret, and there she gave way. She flung herself, with a wild cry, upon her little bed, and clutched her own hair and the bed-clothes, and writhed all about the bed like a wild-cat wounded.

In this anguish she passed an hour she never forgot nor forgave. She got up at last, and started at her own image in the glass. Hair like a savage's, cheek pale, eyes blood-shot.

She smoothed her hair, washed her face, and prepared to go down stairs; but now she was seized with a faintness, and had to sit down and moan. She got the better of that, and went to the still-room, and got some spirits; but she drank them neat, gulped them down like water. They sent the devil into her black eye, but no color into her pale cheek. She had a little scarlet shawl; she put it over her head, and went into the village. She found it astir with expectation.

Mr. Bassett's house stood near the highway, but the entrance to the premises was private, and through a long white gate.

By this gate was a heap of stones, and Mary Wells got on that heap and waited.

When she had been there about half an hour, Richard Bassett drove up in a hired carriage, with his pale little wife beside him. At his own gate his eye encountered Mary Wells, and he started. She stood above him, with her arms folded grandly; her cheek, so swarthy and ruddy, was now pale, and her black eyes glittered like basilisks at him and his bride. The whole woman seemed lifted out of her low condition, and dignified by wrong.

He had to sustain her look for a few seconds, while the gate was being opened, and it seemed an age. He felt his first pang of remorse when he saw that swarthy, ruddy cheek so pale. Then came admiration of her beauty, and disgust at the woman for whom he had jilted her; and that gave way to fear: the hater looked into those glittering eyes, and saw he had roused a hate as unrelenting as his own.

AN OLD GAME.

"Button! button! who's got the button?"

These words fell in hurried accents of vexation from the cherry-ripe lips of Miss Lucy Ware, and were accompanied by a fairy-like avalanche of fascinating screams. She was just about to step aboard the cars when she discovered her loss.

"Oh dear! It was on when I started. What can have become of it? I can never match it in this world!"

And she cast a look of consternation at the vacant place on her sacque, where there should have been a large agate button.

"Why don't you look around for it?" she demanded of her handsome cousin, Gerald Wentworth, who was to see her safely started on her journey.

He elevated his eyebrows at her imperious tone, and scanned the ground at their feet.

"What are *you* looking at, Tom Shelly? You'd better go back to your greasy machine-shop, unless you can find my button!"

Tom Shelly lifted his hat, bowed low to conceal a shade of pain that passed across his face, and walked away. He had come to take a last look at the despotic little beauty before she passed from his vision, perhaps forever. She was the incarnation to him of all that was bright, winning, sprightly, and lovable; and after she was gone he would muse and dream about her, when she, perhaps, would bestow only an occasional, transient thought on him as an atom among her home reminiscences.

Just then the warning whistle sounded, and Miss Ware was compelled, sorely against her will, to submit to her loss, and proceed on her journey.

She waved her handkerchief, Gerald Wentworth waved his hat, and then the latter overtook Tom Shelly.

"She's a high-toned little piece, Shelly," he said.

"Who? Oh yes! Miss Ware. She is to be gone for a long time, I believe?"

"All winter."

Tom sighed. He looked at his rusty clothes, and contrasted them with the elegant suit of his companion.

"She's pretty proud, isn't she?"

"Proud as Lucifer's sister—if he had one," laughed Wentworth. "Though I don't know as I ought to say that. I think a good deal of her myself."

"You do?"

"Yes—she's my cousin, you know."

"She is very beautiful."

"And she knows it too."

Tom was silent. He did not feel capable of maintaining his careless tone; so he looked straight ahead, and planted his heels on the pavement with vigor as he stepped.

"They say you're the best man in Dunning's machine-shop, Shelly. How's that?"

"Curse the machine-shop and its grease and dirt!" exclaimed Shelly. "I wish I'd chosen some more genteel business."

"Well, it isn't as neat as it might be, to be sure. But still, when you get up to the top, it's all right. Look at Dunning—how he stands in the community. He began by kindling the fires, you know."

Here the two turned off in different directions. Their brief conversation passed from Wentworth's mind immediately; but Tom remembered it, dwelling and lingering on each word, and turning it over and over in his mind. There was no torture so delightful to him as to hear Lucy Ware talked about, and to meditate on whatever concerned her in near or remote degree. He watched by stealth her smiles, and was angry with all the world because he could not resist the infatuation. For he ought to have dismissed her from his thoughts with contempt after she refused one night to go to a concert with him because he did not dress well enough. He was wounded and cut; but the circumstance did not bring common-sense to his head. He sulked, and toiled, and hoped with a miserable, doubting hope, and pocketed his fifteen dollars a week, and was still an abject slave.

Miss Ware was going to New York to spend the winter with a wealthy aunt, and now he had her last words to think of—a command to go back to his greasy machine-shop!

When he left the shop that night it was to walk home with slow steps and a thoughtful face. Ruminations in which there were gleams of sense, energy, and purpose ran through his head.

He found supper waiting, and sat down opposite his mother with an absent, preoccupied look.

"Are you tired, Tom?"

"No, not particularly."

"I thought you looked so."

"Dunning began at the bottom, didn't he, mother? And why can't I work up to where he stands now? Yes, Wentworth was right. I'll do it!"

"Do what, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing—only I'm not going to stand at the lathe all my life—I can tell you that."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? Aren't you doing very well now?"

"No. I'm nothing but a greasy, begrimed laborer. But I'll make my mark yet, or give up the ghost."

"Mercy! don't talk so. I thought you were very well satisfied."

"Satisfied!" contemptuously.

"It is wrong to murmur against one's lot. We ought to be thankful—"

"Don't mention the word 'thankful' to me! Pardon me, mother, I don't mean to speak unkindly; but—well, there's going to be a change; that's all."

"You don't mean that you are going to leave Mr. Dunning?"

"No, no."

"What was it about Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I met him to-day"—Tom blushed—"and he reminded me of how Dunning began as a chore-boy, and of the way he stands now. And I thought, why can't one do it as well as another? Why can't I do it?"

Tom looked at his mother in a defiant, argumentative way.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, slightly nonplused. "But you shouldn't deceive yourself by building air-castles."

"I'll take care of that. But I've got an idea that I mean to work out. It may amount to nothing."

"What is it, Tom?"

"I can't tell you now. You know that brains sometimes make more money than hands. If I could only invent something."

Mrs. Shelly shook her head doubtfully. "Inventors are generally hair-brained creatures."

"Not by a good deal! You ought to be ashamed to slander them. Think of what they have done for the world."

Tom left the table with his meal but half finished, and threw himself down on the couch. Putting his hand in his pocket it came in contact with something that sent a crimson flood to his face. He rose hastily and went up to his room. He lit a lamp, and smiled in exultation as he laid a small object on the table. It was Miss Lucy Ware's missing button. Yes, Tom had seen it when it dropped, picked it up, and resolved to keep it as a remembrancer of the tantalizing siren who had so bewitched him. Some time, perhaps, he would return it. He chuckled as he thought of her discomfiture, and her blissful ignorance of who was the possessor of the lost trinket. Then the foolish fellow gazed at it long and earnestly, finally placing it in an inside pocket of his vest.

He went to a shelf on which was ranged a choice collection of scientific works, took one down, and commenced reading. But his thoughts refusing to concentrate themselves on the subject of the book, he finally flung it aside and went down stairs. He astonished his mother for the rest of the evening by being unusually gay and vivacious. He perpetrated fearful jokes, and both laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, thus insuring a good night's rest.

But a change was coming. The next day Tom bought pencils, compasses, and drafting paper, and in the evening shut himself up in his room. This was repeated the next evening, and the next, and at the end of a week his mother learned to look no more for the pleasant hours they had been wont to spend together after tea. Tom grew pale, and his face assumed a thoughtful, resolute look. And soon he drew half of his two hundred dollars from the bank and fitted up a little workshop in a back chamber. Here the sound of filing and hammering was heard late into the hours of almost every evening. Tom was working out his idea, whatever it was; and it was plainly no child's play with him, but a game in which he had staked his all—a battle for life or death. His earnest face told this, always soberly meditative now, and scarcely ever relaxing into a smile. His mother noticed this; Mr. Dunning noticed it; his friends noticed it; but he discharged all his daily duties with rigid fidelity, and gave short answers to expressions of concern. And thus the winter passed.

One August day Mr. Dunning said:

"Shelly, you are entitled to a vacation, and you look as though you needed it. Go off for a couple of weeks. Your pay shall go on the same."

"I don't want it now, Sir. I'm all right."

"Ah, but I'm afraid you are not all right. You are pale and thin."

"I would prefer to work on for the present," persisted Tom. "I may want a vacation before long. I'll ask for it when I do."

"All right. Don't be afraid to mention it. Only don't wait till the busy season."

For the next three weeks Tom stuck later than ever to his little workshop evenings, and often toiled there until the wee, small hours were tolled out by the lonely, solemn town clock.

At the end of that time he went to Mr. Dunning with bright, almost happy-looking eyes. Yet he had a jaded, exhausted air.

"Now, Sir, I want my vacation."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dunning. "We've just got in some big orders, you know."

"I can't help it, Sir. I must have a week."

"You *must?*"

"I'm sorry, Sir; but rather than not have it I'd throw up my place."

"Why, what's the row, Shelly? Any thing going wrong?"

"No, Sir. I hope you will pardon my persistence, but can I go for a week?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dunning, reflectively, "I suppose so. You ought to have taken it in the summer, though. But since you ask for only a week, you shall have it."

That night Tom packed something very carefully in a small box, bade his mother good-by, and started for Washington.

"Upon my word, Shelly, I did not know there was so much in you!"

Tom Shelly and Mr. Dunning were closeted together in the latter's private office, with some papers spread out before them, and a small brass model of a machine standing on the desk.

"Well, Sir, since you approve of it, and think it likely to answer its purpose, suppose we talk business."

"Business?"

"Yes. You have capital, and I have the patent. There's money in the machine, but it will take money to bring it out."

"Very true."

"Well, your capital invested in these works is one hundred thousand dollars. I'll put in my invention at fifty thousand, and own one-third of the establishment."

"Ha! I should think you might!"

"Or, if you like, I will travel two months, and see how the thing is likely to take before we make any agreement."

"Don't you think you've got your ideas up rather high on the matter?"

"Perhaps I have," answered Tom, coolly; "but I don't propose to go begging, and let others grow rich out of what I ought to have."

"Such things are all experiments—great risks."

"I know, Sir; but you see what it is, and the need it supplies, and it is for you to say whether you will run the risk of taking hold of it."

Mr. Dunning paused and reflected. "I will look the matter over," he said at length, "and you may come here to-morrow evening."

This was as satisfactory as Tom could have expected, and so he withdrew.

When he went home he asked his mother (to whom he had confided naught of his plans) how she would like to live in Judge Graham's house on Main Street.

"The judge is going to Europe, and wants to sell."

"What is that to us, Tom? We can't buy his house."

"Well, we may be able to some time."

"Some time! What a way you have of look ing ahead, Tom!"

"It's better to look ahead than behind, I think."

Tom went up stairs, threw himself back in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento over and over, gazed on it, and finally pressed it to his lips stealthily, as if he feared some one might be looking. Then he wondered what Mr. Dunning's decision would be, and revolved in his mind all the contingencies of success or failure. He slept but little that night, for his whole future hung on the interview of twenty-four hours hence.

New-Year's night! A silver wedding!

Mr. Dunning's mansion was thrown open and thronged with his friends. It was no stately affair. The children were there as well as the old folks, and the house was aglow with merriment and good cheer.

There were beautiful presents, smiling congratulations, and shaking of hands; bright-eyed girls, with dazzling dresses and shining white shoulders; dignified matrons in stately silks and diamonds; benignant fathers in glossy broadcloths and sober kids; elegant young men in swallow-tails and white vests; screaming children, with wild, delighted countenances; and the buzz and rustle and din and clatter of a crowd that had dismissed dull care for the nonce, and was bent on making a night of it.

Tom Shelly was there, and so was Lucy Ware. The former was surrounded by friends and new acquaintances eager to congratulate him on a recent important event—namely, his admission as partner with Mr. Dunning.

"Dunning & Shelly has a very respectable sound," said one.

"Accept my congratulations on your good fortune," said another.

"Well, Tom, your luck has come at last."

"You deserve your luck—every bit of it," were the words of an old friend.

Tom received all this with due grace and modesty. A few ventured to sound him, to test his intelligence, but were speedily satisfied on that score. He was a thoughtful reader, and possessed a little stock of books that many of those around him would have done well to substitute for the unwholesome sweatmeats with which they were wont to regale their minds.

In the mean time Tom is soliloquizing mentally. He is growing restive, and longs to speak to Lucy Ware. But he wonders how she will receive him—whether his good fortune will make him more attractive to her. And if it does, and if certain hopes he has cherished are fulfilled, will it be *he* that wins her, or something else? Will it be a cash match or a love match? Or won't it be any match at all, and is such speculation idle? These were perplexing questions, and Tom found himself unable to consider them with that coolness of judgment he had resolved with himself to bring to bear on the matter.

At last Tom approached her, and as he drew near felt a choking thrill. She was just as beautiful as ever, and gave him a glance out of her liquid black eyes that rippled up from under the long lashes like a flood of sunlight.

But in spite of the wild canter into which his blood was fired, he bade her good-evening, touched her gloved palm, and uttered some commonplace remark with very praiseworthy nonchalance.

Just then a set was forming to dance, and one couple was wanting. Of course Tom asked Miss Ware for the honor, etc., and the two marched on the floor.

"You will allow me to express my pleasure at your new advancement, will you not?" she asked, in a tone in which there was just a shade of tremulousness.

"Oh, certainly, if you take enough interest in me to feel any pleasure at it."

"Why, of course I do. I always feel interested in those deserving of success." Her tone was charmingly frank now.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tom, a little disappointed. The sparkle in Miss Ware's eyes dilated a little.

"Well, I got it by hard work," he said. "I went back to my greasy machine-shop that time, as you bid me."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten about it? It was when you went to New York to visit your aunt. You lost your button at the dépôt, you know, and told me to go back to my greasy machine-shop if I couldn't find it."

Miss Ware blushed scarlet. "Oh, do not speak of that. It was very rude in me. I supposed you had forgotten it. I was only in fun."

"But I wasn't." Tom's tone was rather stern, and Lucy looked up quickly. "I made a vow then."

"Oh dear! I hope I wasn't the means of your making a vow."

"Do you? And suppose you were—what then? Is there any thing so very alarming about making vows?"

"I don't know. They're so very seldom kept."

"Ah, but this one is partially fulfilled already, and will be entirely some time. That is, only one thing can prevent it."

Miss Lucy did not ask what that one thing was, but grew reserved, and during the rest of the quadrille did not look into Tom's face with her previous unembarrassed freedom. The conversation had been carried on disjointedly during the pauses in the dancing. When the last figure was finished Miss Ware said:

"Oh dear, I am so tired of dancing! Let us walk in the other room, and see what the children are doing."

Her hand still rested on Tom's arm, and they made their way into another apartment, where a merry throng of boys and girls were partaking of the pleasures of that old and exciting game, "Button! button! who's got the button?"

"That's a good old game," said Lucy, glancing at the children.

"Button! button! who's got the button?" came in ringing tones from one of the players.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Tom.

"No, Sir; I've got it myself!" shouted a merry, blue-eyed girl, betrayed into letting out her secret.

A little scene of confusion followed, and then the game went on.

Lucy Ware had looked up at Tom in surprise. "What made you say that?" she asked.

"Because it is true," he answered, looking at her with a mischievous twitch of the eye.

Miss Lucy looked puzzled.

"Do you want to see it?"

"Yes," she answered, with a doubtful look.

He reached in his pocket and held something out in his hand.

"Why," she exclaimed, in amazement, "that's mine! Where did you get it? It's the one I lost."

"I know it."

She blushed vividly, and was utterly mystified.

"Please explain," she said.

"Oh, there's not much to explain. I picked it up when you lost it that time."

"And why did you not give it to me?"

"I preferred to keep it. I took it to my greasy machine-shop."

"Please don't!"

Tom laughed, and grew immediately serious again. He had to screw his courage up to the sticking point to utter the next words.

"I kept it because I loved you!" he whispered.

"Oh!" And Miss Lucy hid her face in her hands, while her heart beat violently.

"And I haven't got over it yet!" he said, boldly.

This was a very audacious remark, and Tom had to take breath after it. Miss Ware also breathed audibly. But she did not spurn him with indignation—no, far from it. Tom finally said, in a voice a trifle unsteady:

"I made a vow that morning, part of which was to work my way out of that greasy machine-shop. I've done that. The next part was to keep the button until its owner cared enough for it to—to—repay—to—that is, to give herself to me as a condition of its restoration."

Miss Ware looked into his face with swimming eyes, yet out of the depths of which still welled up a fountain of irrepressible roguery.

"But my sacque has gone out of fashion now, and the button will be of no use to me," she said.

Tom looked at her earnestly.

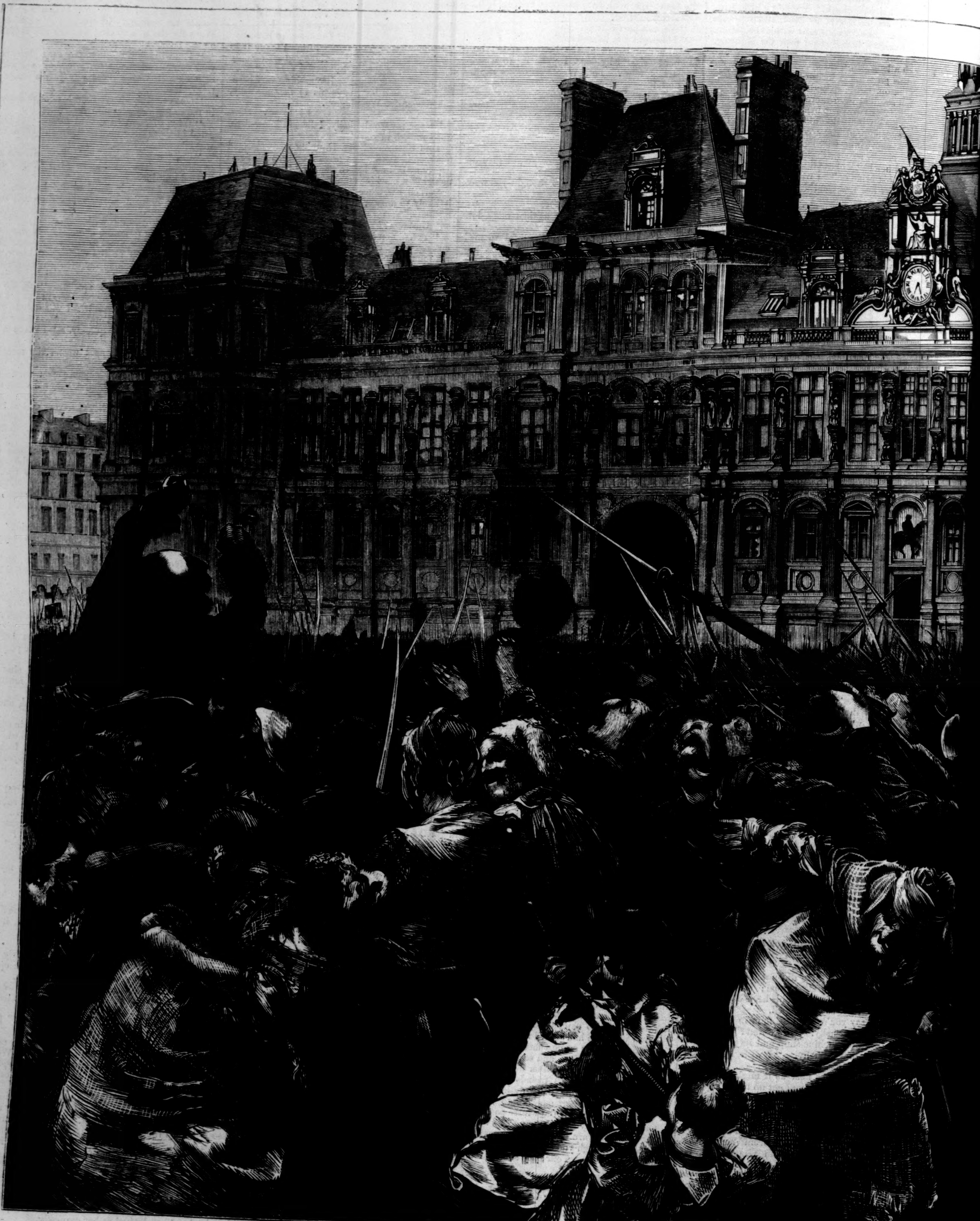
"And, besides, I think you ought to be willing to give more than a button for what you ask."

Tom flushed a little at this, but suddenly seized her hand and exclaimed with energy:

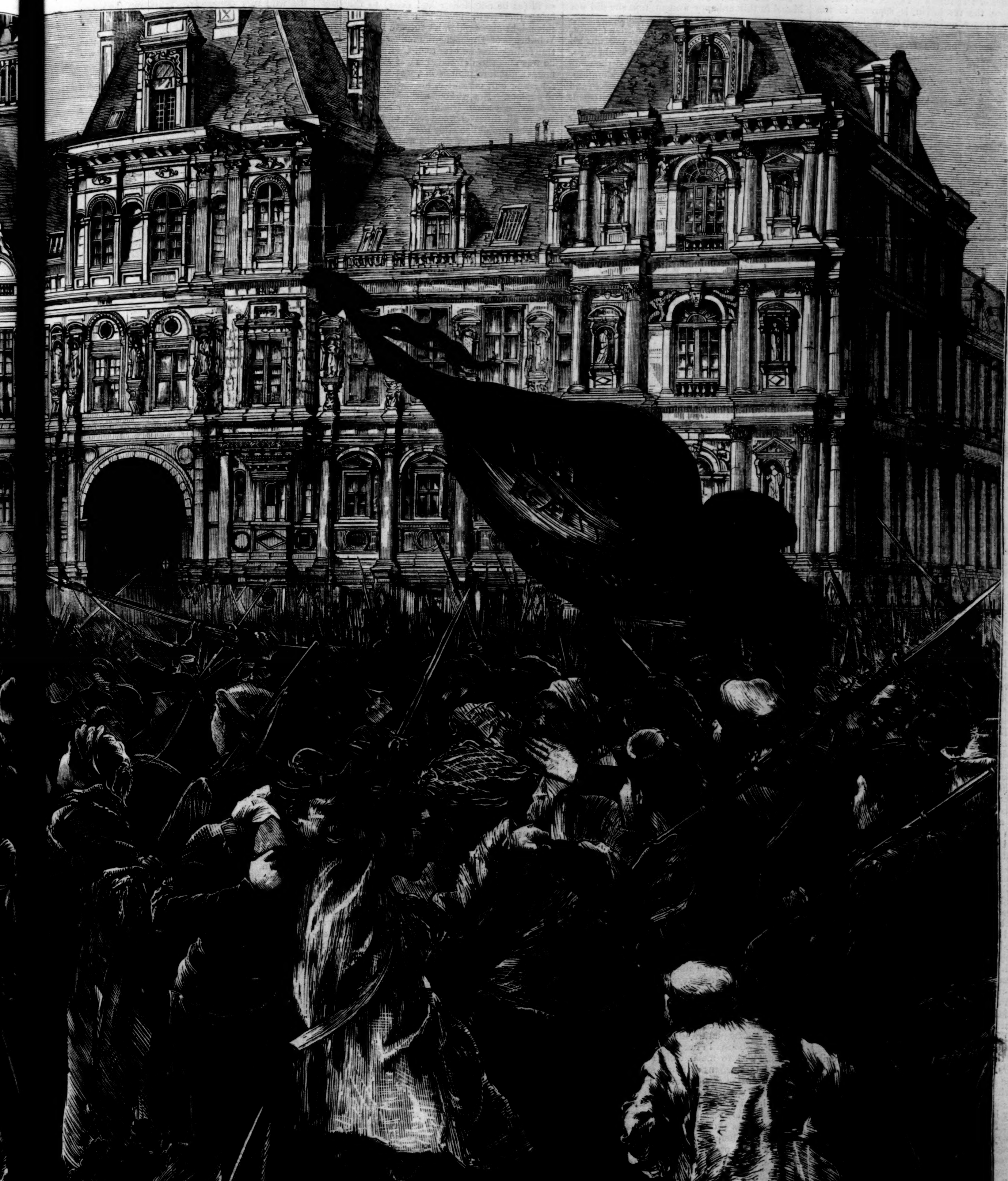
"I can give the whole love of an undivided heart—a life-long devotion—a love as unchanging and untiring as the sun that shines! Will that do?"

"I don't know but it will," came in a faint murmur.

And so the old, old game was played, and who shall say that hearts did not win?



PARIS UNDER THE RED FLAG—SCENE I HE



NE I HE HÔTEL DE VILLE.—[See Page 458.]

PARIS UNDER THE RED FLAG.

THE striking and impressive picture which covers two pages of this number of the *Weekly* illustrates the popular madness that rules the hour in Paris, and recalls to the imagination the turbulent scenes so graphically depicted in CARLYLE's history of the old French Revolution, and in the pages of DICKENS's "Tale of Two Cities." Once more the revolution is supreme in the capital of France, and though the guillotine has not resumed its fearful work, the armed mob holds possession of the streets, and no one can guess how soon the thirst for blood may be aroused. The peaceful classes, defenseless against the mob, fear to set foot in the streets. Churches have been desecrated and robbed, ministers of religion thrown into prison and subjected to worse outrages, the houses of private persons obnoxious to the Commune pillaged, and newspapers that dared to tell the truth suppressed, in the name of liberty and equality.

The situation is the natural result of the breaking up of the iron despotism that for twenty years kept under the discordant elements of the empire. They suddenly find themselves free without being prepared for freedom, and the result is anarchy. If all this should show France the value of free thought, free speech, and the general education of her people, the blood-taught experience will not be too dearly earned.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A SUBJECT FOR REFLECTION.

"*My Pitiful Story.*" Such were the words that headed the paper, as though what was to come had been an autobiography of sorrow, in place of some half a dozen lines. And yet, indeed, there was sorrow enough in them to last a life-time. "When Michael and I were carried away in the boat," it began, "it was by so fierce a current that no effort of our own could withstand it. It is true, I could have thrown myself into the sea and perished; perhaps I might have done so had I known what a fate was reserved for me; but it is hard to die when one is young and strong, though death becomes so welcome afterward.

"Think of that fierce current hurrying me along when you read what circumstances compelled me to do, and, though you condemn me, pity me. Some women have the courage of men, and even greater. 'Death is a dreadful thing,' says the brother in the play; 'And shamed life a hateful,' returns the sister. How often has that reply recurred to me, and filled my soul with shame! Alas! I was a weak and timid wretch; and yet I was but blameworthy—not guilty. I am afraid even to write down, you see, what I must needs tell before I die, and spend the time in vain excuses that should be given to confession only.

"This current bore our boat round the sandy point, and then, with a sharp turn, drove it in to shore. No sooner had it touched ground than we were seized upon by the natives and carried into the woods. They beat poor Michael. He never reproached me for the folly which had brought this misery on us both, and was kind and fearless to the end; he pitied me, because he saw my strait, the cruelty of which it is not in the power of words to paint. Alas! I was used civilly enough, and even tenderly. The mother of the chieftain tended me in her own cottage, where my child was born—and died—before its time—the child that should be— Listen, husband! I got well and strong, for the air of the place was bright and clear, and I was fed on the best that the people had; and after—I know not how long, it seemed years, and yet, at the same time, but a day—the chieftain's mother wished me joy, for that my beauty had taken her son's heart, and he designed to wed me. Rather than this I would have died; and yet I dared not; and, short of death, no chance of escape ever offered. Consider, Sir: I was cut off from the world, as it then seemed, forever; thousands of miles away from home, nay, from any of my own race or color; an outcast among a savage tribe. Even honest Michael was no longer near me, having been carried elsewhere, and (as I afterward learned) slain. If I did you wrong, then reproach the Power that permitted it, not me. I became the chieftain's wife. Horn is *his* child, not yours.

"One gets numb to shame in time, it is said, and perhaps it is so; yet though, when I saw the English boat's crew land, I ran toward them with my babe, and bade them save me, the next moment I could have fled into the woods again; for how could I go back home with this burden of disgrace, and bring dishonor on my husband! It was too late, however, to think of that. Only one thing remained for me—to deceive him. I might have left the child, it is true, and said: 'Alas, our child is dead;' but, ill-born as he was, I loved my boy, and could not part from him. So great and strong he was, I well may pass him off for a year older—for my lost infant's self, thought I; and so I did. What did it matter? was what I said to myself; he will grow up like other English boys, and be a blessing to us both, perchance. Forgive me, Sir, and God forgive us all."

Mabel read this over half a dozen times, and even then could scarce believe her eyes. "*What I must needs tell before I die,*" were this poor lady's words; but had she written them in sound mind? Her story was pitiful, indeed, but was it *true?* Mr. Winthrop had spoken to Mabel herself of her predecessor as "my poor wife," in certainly another sense than that with which we are wont to speak pitifully of the dead; and if he had not deemed her actually insane, it was evident that others had done so, from the very fact of Mrs. Merthyr's having combated that view. Was this extraordinary statement, then, an evidence of her aberration or of her sanity?

For the moment, so intensely interested was Mabel in this unhappy woman, that she did not perceive the enormous importance that the matter had in reference to her own position; since, if Horn was not his father's son, he was not his heir, and that her own expected child would be so. Even when this struck her, it found her thoughts absorbed by even a more weighty consideration. Could her husband, with his shattered nerves and failing health—to whom all mental excitement was absolutely forbidden—survive such a disclosure, and all the ridicule and disgrace that must perforce accompany it? The single element of moral strength that sustained him, as it was, was one which discovery must needs destroy—namely, ancestral pride. To have brought up the son of a savage for twenty years as his own son; to have borne with his brutal nature, and compelled others to bear with it; to have built the hopes of his ancient line so long on so sorry a foundation; and then, when this bubble burst, to have to listen to the public scoff, and feel that even his best friends were laughing at him in their sleeves! In the heyday of his life and strength Miles Winthrop could scarcely have endured such shame; and how much less now! and yet, if he was not to be told, how was justice ever to be obtained for her and hers? Who but himself was fitted to decide on the truth or falsehood of Mrs. Winthrop's confession? Who else could take action upon it? The value of this piece of paper was in her hands less than one of the bank-notes her husband had given her, but in his own it might be priceless. He might use his wealth to make the dark places plain in this strange document, since he could even dispatch messengers to this savage place, with orders to search out the truth of the matter at all hazards. These ideas, however, did but pass through her brain, just as the wildest, wickedest thoughts will sometimes flash unforbidden on the purest of us: she did not entertain them seriously for a single moment. Rather than risk her husband's life, let herself be portionless, and let this great inheritance be Horn's forever. Her resolution was fixed, that no matter how positively she should become convinced that this strange tale was true, she would never vex Miles with the disclosure of it. If she could not give him her love, she would be as loyal to him as the most loving wife, and he should never guess how loyal.

Moreover, notwithstanding much close pondering upon the whole matter, conviction was still far from her. At one time she felt inclined to discredit this marvelous revelation altogether—it seemed so incredible, so exceeding all the limits of probability as to become sheer delusion. And yet, on the other hand, Horn was brutal enough for any savage; and as she thought of this the echo of a sentence suddenly rang in her ears from the *table d'hôte* at Shingleton: "Look at his skull—look at his jowl: that youth is a Carib." It was the expression Professor Flint had used on first setting eyes upon Horn Winthrop, and one which struck her forcibly at the time, not from its truth, of course, but from its extravagance. It was a very curious coincidence, to say the least of it; for every speech and action of the young man's life, so far as she was acquainted with it, had borne out the Professor's theory. Above all, there was one palpable fact—the lock of hair, which, if it was not that which Mrs. Winthrop asserted it to be, was, at all events, from the head of an infant. Mabel knew nothing of the vagaries of the insane; but it certainly did seem incongruous, and inconsistent with the theory of her aberration, that Mrs. Winthrop should have procured such an object as a lock of hair in order to invest it with sham sentiment. It was too realistic a proceeding, and rather suggested fraudulent imposition than any freak of a diseased imagination; and imposition was absolutely out of the question, since this document had been hidden in a receptacle, which she herself would never have suspected, but from the accident of the similarity of the two escritoires.

But, supposing the story true, and taking it for granted that no living eyes but her own had ever perused it, one very important consideration still remained: Had Mrs. Winthrop ever revealed it by word of mouth? From what Mabel had learned of her predecessor she understood her to have been by nature impulsive and even headstrong, although in her latter days she had been much given to melancholy (broken down with sorrow on account of Horn, said every one; as, indeed, if this strange tale were true, it was but too likely she would have been). Had she ever, then, in a moment of uncontrollable excitement, disclosed this secret, though to ears which only heard in it a proof of "flightiness" and hallucination? There were only two persons to whom it was at all probable she had ever actually confessed the matter—namely, to her husband or her son. That she had not done so to the former Mabel felt convinced. If Mr. Winthrop had entertained any suspicion of Horn's real parentage, and wished to conceal it, he would certainly not have behaved toward him as he did: not only had he made it patent to every body that there was no love lost between them—that there was no affection, such as is supposed to exist between father and son of the most "incompatible" natures—but it was his constant habit to express wonder whence Horn could have got this and that, his temper and his manners, his ignorance, his violence, and his love of finery. Mabel had even heard him exclaim with bitterness, "Can that boy be son of mine!"

One person only remained, then, to whom it seemed possible that Mrs. Winthrop might have disclosed her secret—namely, to Horn himself. True, even this was highly improbable; but still, despairing of his amendment, and without any other means of compelling her reprobate offspring, she might, perhaps, in some moment of uncontrollable distress, have told him all, and threatened him with exposure. Certainly, except on such a supposition, it did seem unnatural, even if he *were* a savage, that he should have behaved so ill (as he notoriously had done) to the only being that really loved him. And, moreover, this might also explain his intense hatred of the Winthrops of Durham—the only sign of ancestral feeling that he ever exhibited. If he knew he was about to defraud them of Wapshot, that fact, to a nature such as his, was reason enough for hate; but, otherwise, his dislike was difficult to explain. Not without a shudder, Mabel now recalled a certain triumphant malignity which was at all times characteristic of her step-son, and which might possibly have its explanation in his secret knowledge that he was cheating all the world.

After all, however, she was obliged to admit that these notions were but fanciful. It was far more likely that this pitiful story of her predecessor had never been told to human ears, and that her own eyes were the only ones which had ever perused it. No wonder that the poor lady had broken down in mind and body, bearing alone the burden of so terrible a secret. Mabel herself already felt aged and worn with the mere inheritance of it. She sat with the little packet in her hand, gazing upon it as upon some enchanted disk, perplexed in a maze of thought, without a plan.

Suddenly some violent noise without aroused her; the house was full of such: the accidental slamming of a door or the overthrow of a piece of furniture would awaken a score of echoes; and for the first time a sense of *danger* flashed upon her. There was certainly one person in the world who would not have scrupled to take her life rather than suffer that paper to be in her hands, or to exist at all. She started up and thrust it hastily into her bosom. The noise died away, as usual, but the apprehension it had conjured up remained. Where should she hide this terrible and yet most precious thing? The most natural place was doubtless the very receptacle from which she had taken it, and where it had already lain, in all probability, for years without discovery; yet she herself had found it in five minutes; and might not another, armed with the same knowledge, and incited by the same curiosity, do the like? When you are seeking, every place seems difficult; but when you wish to hide, no place appears secure. She thought of a score of secret spots, of which such a mansion as Wapshot afforded hundreds, and rejected them all. She called to mind an essay she had read, in which the openest places are recommended for such a purpose; but in that case it was intentional search that was to be guarded against, but in this it was chance discovery of which she stood most in fear. Finally, she decided upon carrying the packet about her person, and sewed it carefully within her gown. When she had done so—so strangely does panic spread—she did the like with the bank-notes her husband had given to her—a most unnecessary precaution, as she confessed to herself, but neither in mind nor body was she just then in a condition to take a reasonable view of affairs. When her husband's well-known step was presently heard approaching she even snatched a glance at the mirror, not without apprehension that some change might have taken place in her physical appearance corresponding to the tremor of her mind; but her bright brown hair had not grown gray, nor had Care as yet plowed a single furrow on her fair face.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FAMILY CRISIS.

IT was but two days since Mabel's discovery of the little packet in the escritoire, but it seemed to her to have happened long ago. She thought, she dreamed, of nothing else, as though, instead of carrying it about with her, stitched in her attire, every syllable of its contents had been engraven on her heart. The faded lines of that strange confession were always before her eyes; and it seemed to her that every one who looked at her must perceive that she was reading them. When her husband was present she made such efforts to appear cheerful and at her ease as she feared must surely have aroused his suspicions, for the fact was that his presence evoked the very ideas she would have avoided; but he set down her forced gayety to the struggle which she made, for his sake, to bear up against the depression consequent on her physical condition; and out of consideration for this he left her to herself more than usual.

On the second night, then, after the event narrated in the last chapter she was sitting in her boudoir alone. She had dismissed her maid, not needing her assistance, and was musing on the old subject over the thought-inspiring embers of the wood fire, which she had neglected to replenish. Mr. Winthrop was engaged in his study, at the back of the house, and would probably not retire (as his custom was) until very late. Mabel herself was in no frame of mind for rest, but the stillness showed that the household were otherwise inclined. Wrapped as she was in her own meditations, the nervous sense of alarm that had taken possession of her kept her ears incessantly upon the watch; and suddenly a noise struck on them which she knew to be the closing of the great hall door. This had been effected with unusual caution, but the tell-tale wind had entered with the incomer, whoever it was, and rushed up the great stairs, and shaken the boudoir door. She looked up at the clock, which pointed to past the midnight hour. Who on earth could have sought admittance at such a time at a house where visitors were few, and friends privileged to use such unseasonable times for calling did not exist? If the great bell had pealed forth its usual imperious summons, she would have concluded at once that Mrs. Marshall had at last fulfilled her promise of "looking in" at Wapshot; but whoever it was had been evidently cognizant of Mr. Winthrop's extreme dislike of shocks and noises, and must have handled the wire very delicately. Moreover, there had been no sound of wheel or hoof upon the terrace beneath her window.

The notion of burglars never entered into Mabel's mind; and, indeed, the front-door was scarcely the method of ingress such would use. It struck her, rather, that some member of the household had let himself *out*. A great breach of domestic law, no doubt, but still not one to rouse the house about, still less to disturb her husband. The silence that succeeded seemed to corroborate this view of the case; and she had once more resumed her reflections, when the door of her chamber was softly opened, and in strode Horn Winthrop. Her hand mechanically sought her side where the packet lay hid, for she had not yet put off her clothes, and her face doubtless showed signs of extreme terror.

"I trust," said he, in mocking, insolent tones, "that I have not been indiscreet in coming upon you so suddenly; but you quite forgot to tell me in your letter that there was any reason for extraordinary precaution in that respect. You think to put my nose out of joint, do you, madam?"

"If you stay in this room another moment," said Mabel, firmly, "I will ring the bell, and summon your father at all hazards. If it kills him, as it well may do, his blood be on your own head."

"You may pull the rope, madam, till you pull it down, if the exercise amuses you," replied Horn, with a cold sneer; "but as for the bell—being informed where I should have the pleasure of finding you—I took the precaution to remove it before I came up stairs. I have got something to say to you, madam, which it is better to communicate in private, and this is too good an opportunity to be let slip. It is true, my father may find me here, and be very jealous; but one must risk something; and, besides, I have got my excuse quite pat and specious. I was desirous to spare his feelings by inducing you, if possible, to leave Wapshot of your own free-will; for I take it for granted that he would not wish you to remain as its mistress after what I had to tell him; and I am come here on purpose to tell him, madam, be sure of that. You dare to pen such a letter as this to *me*, do you?" He held in his hand the note she had written him two days ago, all torn and twisted by his passionate fingers. "You affect surprise, do you, as though you had not defied me? What! was it no defiance to offer, as a dole, the very sum which your lover sent you in your beggary! to give me such affable and patronizing words as these, and advice too, begad!—quite a moral lecture—upon how I should behave myself to my own father! *You*, who sold yourself for money, and yet would not hold to your bargain, but must needs seek your gallant out at Wimbledon in your very honey-moon! Perhaps it was only to thank him for his disinterested gift! Well, if the governor swallows *that*, his digestion must be better than is generally reported. I have heard—here he sunk his voice to a hoarse whisper, and nodded his head with great significance—"that he is very ill."

"Mr. Winthrop *is* very ill," said Mabel, endeavoring to speak calmly, but conscious that her strength both of mind and body was failing fast under this terrible trial. "It is not, indeed, too much to say, Sir, that any sudden shock, such as you contemplate, may kill him on the spot. As to the vile charge at which you hint, I scorn to speak of it; that it is a coarse and infamous calumny you yourself, I believe, are as well aware as I am. But I solemnly warn you once again that if you come here to work upon your father's feelings by any such cruel device you will do it at the peril of his life."

"If this be really true," replied Horn, coolly, "it seems that I arrive at Wapshot not a day too soon. The governor is down, is he, and perhaps he may not pull through! Ah! you wanted to make friends of *me*, did you, by throwing me a shilling or two, in case any thing should happen here upon a sudden, and you be left in the lurch! But my friendship is not bought so cheaply, madam, as you may chance to find."

"I do not want your friendship; I hate and loathe you," cried Mabel, with irrepressible scorn.

"I thought as much myself, good step-mother," answered Horn, coolly; "and since you have been so candid, I will just speak a plain word or two upon my own account. You have hated me from the first, I know; but that is nothing in the way of hate. You must love first, and be despised; you must see the woman whom your arms would have infolded shrink from you with horror, and turn with eagerness toward your rival—then you will know, indeed, what it is to hate. I am not used to be wronged with impunity, and my debt to you at Shingleton, if matters had ended there, would not have been easily paid off; but you thought proper to cross my path a second time. The temptation was great, no doubt, but it was an ill-advised proceeding. Having made me your enemy, to begin with, it was even a little dangerous, madam, believe me. I have a dog, with whom, by-the-bye, you are acquainted, who, when he has seized his adversary, even though it be a harmless cat—as some call cats, a delicate, soft creature, all grace and beauty, but wily and treacherous in its nature too—he never loses his hold till she is dead. His master is like him in that respect, as you will find. You think, perhaps, that should things be at the worst with you—this husband of yours turfed over, and your pockets full of such mere unconsidered trifles as you have been able to snatch up at the finish, or to collect during your short reign—you will, at all events, be so far bettered, and the more welcome to your beloved Richard; but there you are much mistaken. I will follow you to your life's end, as a bloodhound tracks a runaway nigger. I will set such tales afloat about you that not even your own Richard will think you a delicate morsel. As for your child that is to be, you shall wish it had never been born to such an inheritance of infamy as I will cause to cling to it. No matter where you hide yourself, sleeping or waking, you shall not feel for one moment safe from the vengeance that shall eternally pursue you! You believe already that I am not easily conciliated, but you do not yet understand of what I am capable when rejected, wronged, despised, as I have been by you! You do not know Horn Winthrop, madam—"

"Ah, but I do!" interrupted Mabel, stung by these insolent threats beyond endurance, and losing all fear of them and thought of consequences in her scorn and detestation. "I know you well; far better than you think: I know both who you are and whence you came, you bastard savage!"

A terrible change came over Horn Winthrop's countenance. His mocking lips closed tightly, his cruel face grew white and rigid, and the hand that had been pointing at her in brutal menace sought the back of a chair, and clinched it as though he was about to hurl it at his audacious foe. "You know *that*, do you, woman?" gasped he, slowly. "Then you know too much."

They stood confronting one another for near a minute, each sensible only of the other's hated presence, and dead to all things else. The door had opened, and a face was looking in upon them full of speechless wonder, but they had heard no sound.

"And how, madam, may I ask," inquired Horn, forcing a scornful smile, "have you become possessed of this rare piece of information?" His eyes were riveted upon her, as though they would have read her soul, and she mechanically placed her hand upon the hidden packet, as though to secure it from that searching gaze. Already she repented of the passion that had hurried her so far, notwithstanding that it had evoked a corroboration of her suspicion such as no art that this man could use would ever efface from her mind.

"Perhaps I guessed it," said she, calmly.

"If you did so," hissed Horn through his clinched teeth, "it was by the devil's help, since none but the devil could have told you."

"Nay, the devil is a liar, Sir; whereas it is no lie that you are no Winthrop, but a born savage."

"Well, as you have guessed it, madam, and since we are quite alone together, I may as well confess to you that you have guessed right. I am no more this Winthrop's son than you are the wife of him you would have chosen for your husband had you had the choice."

A sharp cry here broke the silence of the night and waked the slumbering echoes, and Mabel turned in terror just in time to see Mr. Winthrop's ghastly face as he tottered toward her and fell heavily upon the floor.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ESCAPE.

What had happened, or rather what had not happened, all these days, or months, or years? Why was the room so dark while all without seemed day? Why did Vance sit in the chair by the fire yonder, looking at her so pitifully and never speaking a word? These questions of poor Mabel, wild and pointless as they were, were lucid compared with the thoughts that filled her brain as she lay in her bed through long sunless days and sleepless nights, hovering between life and death.

Her most frequent dream, and it was a quiet and peaceful one, was that she was a child once more in the dear old home, too ill to recognize Martha and her father, who came and went as usual, nevertheless, and ministered to her tenderly. Ju had been sent away from home, probably because her own malady was contagious, and the only plaything which she was allowed was a beautiful pink doll. This lay in the bed with her, and opened and shut its eyes, and even cried. It was always snug and warm, and yet it did not melt. If she were to die—and she knew she was very ill, and likely to do so—she would beg of Ju, with her last breath, if she could only see her—but she was, somehow, far away—to clothe and keep this doll when she was gone! The idea of death had no terrors for her except upon this account, lest the doll should suffer; but she was in extreme fear of a certain drunken tramp whom Martha and she had met on the road one day, and who had threatened to be revenged on them for not giving him money. He had a begging petition in his hand, done up in a square packet, and at his heels slouched a bow-legged dog. She was, above all things, solicitous that the man and dog should never get her doll. She was almost always in pain, and very weak, but what troubled her most was that, whatever she said, no one seemed to mind; all her questions remained unanswered. At last she caught Carry's eye one day, or night (she scarce knew which), and said, "Do speak to me, Carry. No one speaks to me."

But there was no answer.

"Why are you dressed in black?" asked she, appealingly.

At this Carry burst into tears, and the doll stirred beside her, and clasped her with its tiny fingers, and gave a pitiful cry too. Then, somehow, she knew that this was her own child, and her heart leaped for joy.

"I have been very ill, Carry, have I not?"

"Oh yes, ma'am—at death's door," sobbed Carry; "but you are better now, much better. You will soon be well and strong; but you must keep quite quiet."

"Where is my husband?" inquired Mabel.

"Hush! hush! you mustn't talk. The doctor said that the least excitement was to be avoided."

"Yes, I remember," said Mabel, thoughtfully. "He was to have nothing to trouble him, and he had so much, I know. What was it?"

"I don't know, ma'am, indeed," said Carry, earnestly. "Nobody knows."

"You know something, Carry: tell me what you know. I had rather hear it from your lips than from another's."

There was a long pause, during which Vance approached the bed, and, stooping down, kissed first her mistress and then the child. "It is an orphan, madam," whispered she, tenderly, and pointed to her black dress.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

An interesting fact it would be to ascertain how many young couples have commenced housekeeping since the 1st of May; also how many older couples have recommenced living "under their own vine and fig-tree." The general reduction of house rents, and the large number of houses in the market early in the season, have induced many who have been content to board during the period of high prices to resume more home-like arrangements.

No sooner is the home settled than the perplexing question is daily presented to every lady who is her own housekeeper, "What shall we have for dinner?" Every condition of life has its peculiar difficulties; and however enjoyable the comforts of home may be, this constantly recurring question is often hard to answer. Cook-books generally contain long bills of fare suitable only for long purses and dinner-parties, impossible recipes, and directions how to order an immense establishment. The young wife diligently studies these manuals, but obtains little help in planning an economical yet appetizing and tasteful *tête-à-tête* dinner. To order dinner every day for two people so that each little feast presents a harmonious contrast in all its details, and to avoid sameness and repetitions, and to do this without spending more money than one can afford, is an art not easily acquired. In fact, it is quite likely that after several weeks of experiments the business of the husband, if he is a man of taste, gradually assumes such proportions that he is detained very late thereby, and has to dine at his club or at a restaurant several times a week in consequence. But if the wife is a woman of ingenuity and intelligence, and desires to be a successful housekeeper, the husband's business will, in ordinary cases, become less pressing after the season is over—the *season of experiments*, we mean. The mistress of the house will find that by going to market herself, instead of sending her servant, she will be better served; she will see novelties, and thus gain variety on her table; she will interest her cook by showing her own interest; she will see that the range and kitchen utensils are convenient; and will personally supervise the making of some delicacy, and give such little artistic touches to the dinner-table as only the hand of affection and skill combined can give. Her efforts will be recognized and appreciated—if her husband is worthy of her—and experience will soon enable her to answer without difficulty the question, "What shall we have for dinner?"

The United States Military Post Library Association is a well-managed organization which is endeavoring to supply the two hundred and eighty-three military posts of this government with reading matter. It has already received many generous gifts of books.

New Granada produces a plant known as the ink plant, which would make the fortunes of ink manufacturers if they could only grow it in sufficient quantities in this country. The juice is used without any preparation, is of a reddish color when freshly used, but soon becomes perfectly black, and does not corrode a steel pen so readily as ordinary ink.

"Shad," remarks a humorous writer, "are Nature's pincushions for bones. The interior of a shad looks like a fine-tooth comb or a wool card, and the best way to get the meat out is to use a tooth-pick."

During the war more than three thousand caricatures appeared in Paris. Among the wittiest was a series entitled "The Imperial Menagerie." The portraits in this "menagerie" are of striking resemblance. The title-page represents France, in republican costume, opening the entrance. Napoleon is represented as a hare running away; Pierre Bonaparte as a wild boar raising his bristles; Emile Ollivier as a snake coiling around a ministerial port-folio; General De Failly, the manager of the balls at the Tuileries, is dancing around as a rat-terrier; Frossard, the tutor of the Prince Imperial (who sits as a canary-bird in a cage), is represented as a learned donkey putting the letters A, B, C together with his foot. Other caricatures are of a similar kind.

A New Orleans gentleman has patented a device to hold the mouth shut during sleep, and thus prevent snoring. It is generally understood that snoring is caused by breathing with the mouth open; and the natural inquiry is, How can one keep the mouth shut when he is asleep and is unconscious? Perseverance will accomplish a good deal. It will also aid the matter to avoid sleeping on the back—a position which often causes the lower jaw to drop—and to lie on the side.

The biography of the late Alexandre Dumas is to be written jointly by seven friends of the novelist.

The late European war gave a certain kind of impulse to literature. Over four hundred manuscripts on the war were offered for publication to a leading book firm in Leipsic during the last eight months. Six only were accepted.

A visitor to the Emperor William's private apartments in the imperial palace states that his Majesty has a very fine private library, the books in which have evidently been read, and many of them contain marginal notes written by his own hand.

Some curious marriage statistics are given in the Registration Report of the State of Massachusetts for 1869. Seven maidens were married at the age of 14, and forty-one at 15, but the youngest husband was 16 years old. One man of 32 chose for his sixth wife a woman of 30—a risky thing for her. But a widower of 30 ventured to join himself to a young widow of 20, it being her *fourth* marriage. One marriage is reported where each party had previously been married three times, but they were willing to try it again. A widower of 56 was united to a widow of 52, it being her fifth marriage. The fourth marriage of a man of 73 was to a widow of 57, it being her third venture.

In the preparation of the "Dictionary of Authors" Mrs. Allibone acted as her husband's amanuensis, and copied 30,000 large foolscap pages for the press, besides verifying dates and facts.

There are on the Cheyenne Reservation, Dakota, over four thousand Indians. Many of these have been hostile, but are daily becoming more friendly toward the government of the United States, and seem in some measure to appreciate the efforts being made by the church and the general government to educate and civilize their people. These Indians are greatly in need of tent cloth, blankets, and other materials for clothing and lodges. The United States Indian Agent, Mr. Englebert, is of the opinion that by a judicious selection and distribution of such articles to those friendly disposed Indians much good can be accomplished toward effecting a treaty of peace and friendship, at the same time *practically* demonstrating our interest in their welfare, and encouraging them at this particular time. He makes an appeal for aid to various missionary societies and to the Christian public.

Dr. Waldau, who was associated with the celebrated oculist, the late Dr. Von Graefe, has recently performed a new and difficult operation upon Prince Albrecht, brother of the emperor, which has created quite a sensation all over Berlin. The prince took a prominent part in the war, and returned from France with a very painful affection of the eye. The operation necessary to restore the sight of the diseased eye and preserve the healthy one has been made feasible only recently, and chiefly through Dr. Waldau's researches. This operation was signally successful in the case of Prince Albrecht, and the imperial family feel under deep obligations to the skillful surgeon.

The monument which is being made in Philadelphia to the memory of the late Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, by order of his executors, will be about eighteen feet high, and comparatively plain. The base will be five feet square, with a sub-base, on which will rest the die, with this inscription in raised letters:

EDWIN M. STANTON.
Born Dec. 19, 1814.
Died Dec. 24, 1869.

On the top of the die there will be a Gothic cap, receiving a plain and massive square. The whole affair will be extremely plain, no ornamentation being attached to it.

The hospitals of Paris now contain a great number suffering from the scurvy. Indeed, the disease has spread so extensively that most of the soldiers sent home convalescent show traces of it, and it has been very prevalent in departments which have suffered from the war, and in towns which have been besieged. Some French physicians do not believe that the use of salt meat has so much to do with scurvy as is generally supposed. The defenders of Metz, who were deprived of salt for about six weeks, yet suffered severely from this disease. Cold and dampness, the want of fresh vegetables, insufficient food, and general hardships, are regarded by many as the exciting causes. A varied and nourishing diet is recommended as the best remedy.

Arrow-root, sago, and tapioca are articles of a somewhat similar nature, which are of common use in every household, but exactly what they are may not be so generally known. The word arrow-root is applied to the starch extracted from a variety of roots and cereal products—that from the maranta of the East and West Indies being the genuine arrow-root, while much of that sold is from other substances. Sago is prepared from the pith of a species of palm growing on the islands and main-land of the Indian Archipelago. The pith is macerated with water, and beaten to separate the woody fibre from the grain, or flour. The latter is dried, sifted, and generally bleached. Pearl-sago is prepared from the ordinary kind by being heated on an iron surface. Tapioca is prepared from the root of the mandioco, which grows in tropical regions. With the starch the root contains is a large proportion of poisonous milky juice, which in South America is used to poison the tips of arrows. The root is washed, peeled, and grated. After the grated pulp is partially dried it is subjected to pressure, which separates the milky juice from the pulp. This pulp is used as bread, and the poisonous liquid deposits the starch known as tapioca. This deposit is dried in the sun, or in kilns, and granulated. It is singular that this nutritious and palatable article should be derived from one of the most fatal poisons known in the vegetable kingdom.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Those who are compelled to "hurry up their cakes" may find the following variety, prepared for various callings, convenient to select from: The best cake for prize-fighters, pound cake; the most suitable for carpenters, plane cake; the most relished by loafers, sponge cake; the most palatable to boatmen, current cake; the most acceptable to hangmen, drop cake; the best for farmers, seed cake; the kind indulged in by surgeons, cup cake; the kind most used by topers, corn cake; the most healthy for plumbers, plumb cake; the debtor's cake, short cake; the gardener's cake, the hoe cake; the one for summer use, the cake of ice; the one for discount, an oat cake; a cake not enjoyed by any one, stomach-ache.

A little four-year-old remarked to her mamma, on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a *little* afraid once when I went into the pantry in the dark to get a cooky." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

A good parody was that involved in the story of a young English nobleman, with a large number of titles and a very small amount of brains—Lord this, Viscount that, and so on *ad infinitum*. "My fair friends," said the witty N——, "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Oh!" was the universal exclamation, "what is that?" "He is 'Barren' of intellect," was the rejoinder.

Song of the Oyster—Keep me in my little bed.

During the past winter a friend of ours employed a hard-working woman to do jobs of scrubbing, etc., about the house. He was accustomed, when he saw her, to ask kindly questions as to her family and general welfare. Her answer invariably comprised a complaint that her husband's business was very dull. Noticing the fact, our friend asked her, one of the coldest days in January, what her husband's business was. "He's a strawberry picker," the woman replied. Our friend had no difficulty afterward in understanding why her husband's business was dull.

A fond father recently wrote: "It generally takes twenty years of training to eradicate that word nice from a woman's vocabulary. The Falls of Niagara, the Psalms of David, and the progress of the human race were all nice to my eldest till she got married."

A Joint Affair with but a Single Party to It—Rheumatism.

TECHNICAL KISSING.

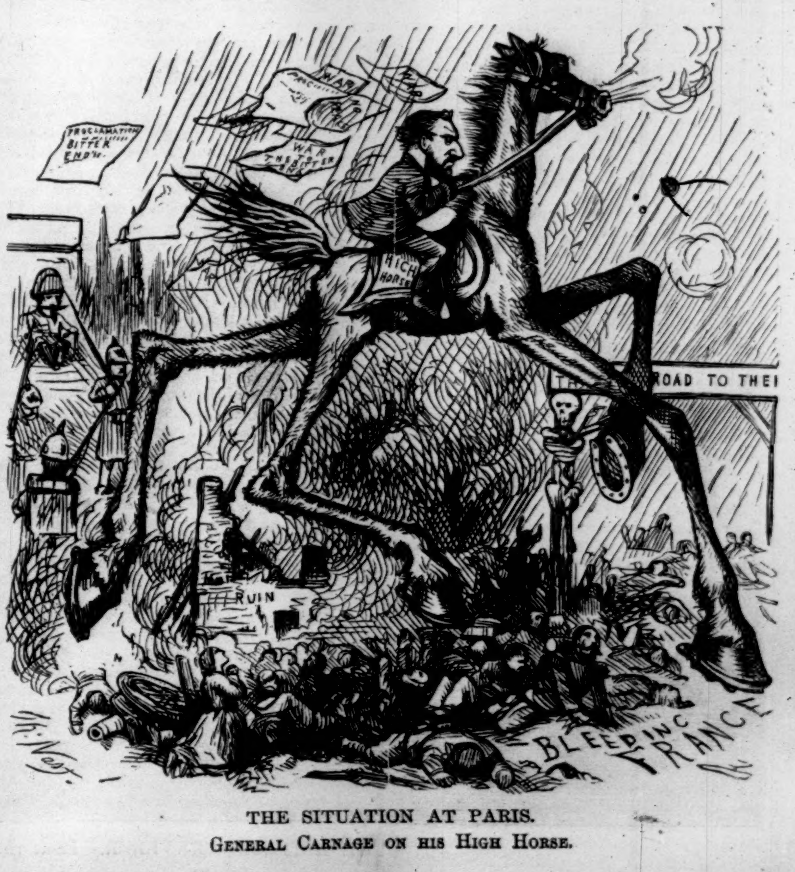
"Charley, what is osculation?"
"Osculation, Jenny dear,
Is a learned expression, queer,
For a nice sensation:
I put my arm, thus, round your waist;
Your head sinks into its resting-place;
This is approximation;
You need not fear—
There's no one near;
I then—"
"Oh dear!"
"Jenny, that's osculation."

"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far West?" "Oh, I am delighted with the idea. You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and in three years he died, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

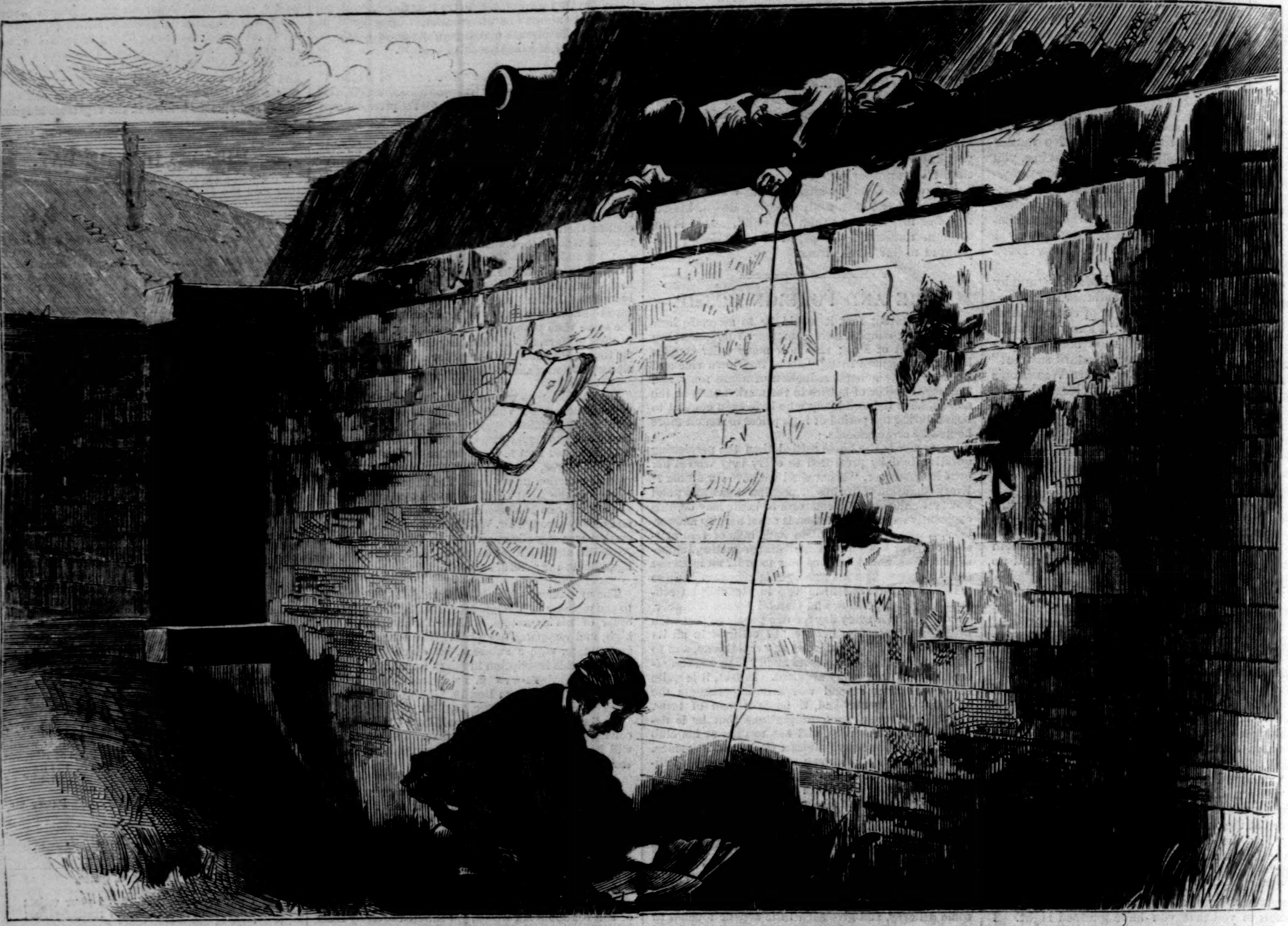
"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

The emblem of Ireland is a shamrock. A pink would be more appropriate for a car-nation.

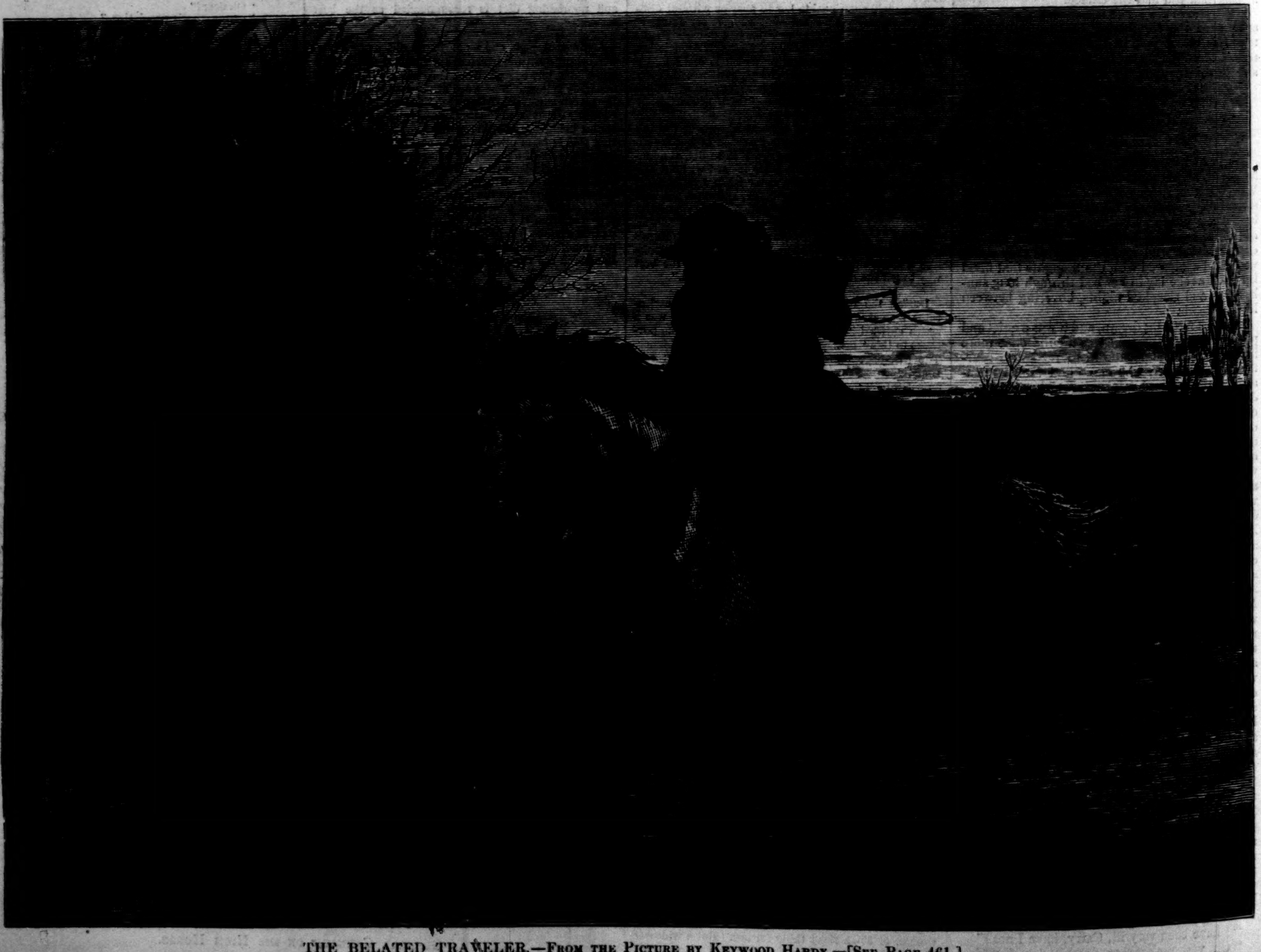
Our doctor's front-door has not been properly painted, and ought, as his friends and patients tell him, to be done over again; but he declines to let it be touched, assigning as his reason that it looks professional, being "blistered."



THE SITUATION AT PARIS.
General Carnage on his High Horse.



ENTERPRISE OF PARIS NEWSBOYS—SMUGGLING PAPERS OVER THE RAMPARTS.—[See Page 462.]

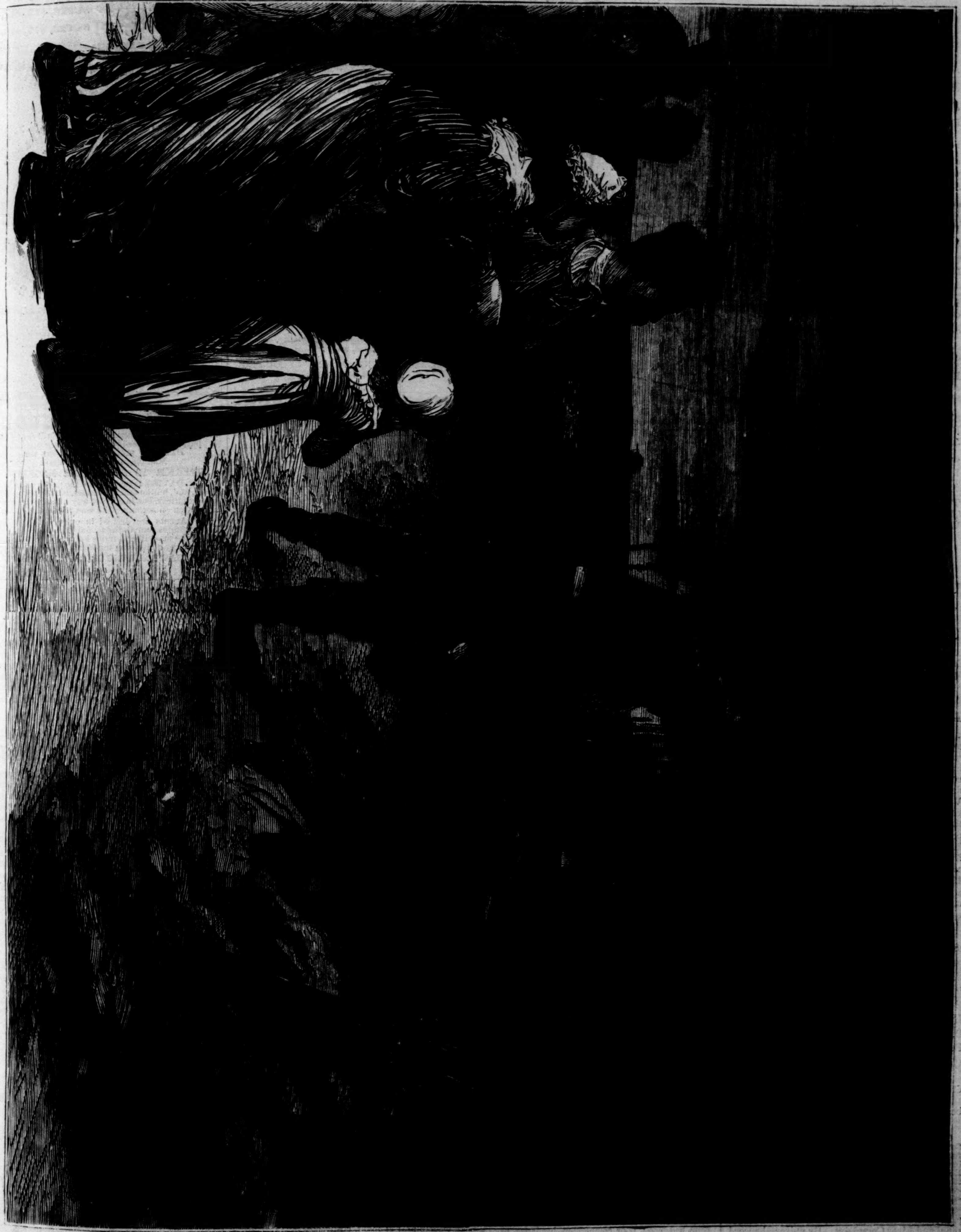


THE BELATED TRAVELER.—From the Picture by Keywood Hardy.—[See Page 461.]

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

So wrote **Shakspeare** three hundred years ago, and so, in other and more simple words, think the French crowd in the illustration on this page, as they watch that sturdy Landwehrman who a few weeks ago was thought to be the most cruel and unfeeling ogre in existence, but who now, while dropping a silent tear on the grave of two of his companions in arms, proves to be only human after all. The mourner, a Bavarian artilleryman, about to return home to his country, has come to pay a farewell visit to the last resting-place of his two comrades, his brother and his cousin. They had fallen while serving at that famous Chatillon battery which during the siege did so much execution in the Panthéon and the neighboring quarters. Here, where they fell, they were buried, and two simple wooden crosses record their names and rank, with a brief annotation that they died while bravely fighting for King and Fatherland, one on the 12th, the other on the 22d January, 1871.

While the soldier sadly gazes on these terse inscriptions, doubtlessly recalling some of the pleasant hours the three comrades had spent together, and the battles where they had fought side by side, the crowd stand quietly by and watch him half curiously, half sympathizingly. They, true creatures of impulse, who a few minutes before only regarded the invader with an intense hatred, now feel a kind of pity for him, and his sigh, as he takes a last look at the graves, is echoed by more than one of the spectators. Although in many cases, as in the sketch, soldiers have been buried singly, and honored with a cross and an inscription to themselves, by far the greater number are buried in batches of twenties, fifties, and even hundreds, the only record being a piece of wood chalked with the numbers of the bodies buried beneath.



A TOUCH OF NATURE—A SKETCH FROM LIFE AT CHATILLON.

THE BELATED TRAVELER.

The vigorous drawing thus entitled, an engraving of which may be found on page 460, is the production of Mr. **Keywood Hardy**, an English artist of some reputation. The draughtsmanship is admirable. The powerful horse dashes along at a pace which, for his bulk, is tremendous. Doubtless he has his own private reasons for putting on the steam; and the man is made to sit him perfectly—a thing more easy to do in nature than in a picture. The night promises to be bitterly cold, for it is winter; the trees are leafless; the sky is clear. And to find one's self straying from the road, perhaps stumbling about over a moor, on a frosty night, with only starlight to direct, would be awkward as well as romantic. But supposing there is no danger of losing the way, one might guess at various other reasons why the traveler should quicken his pace without supposing him liable to a rencontre with **Dick Turpin** or to be pursued by the imaginary terrors of Tam O'Shanter. The jolly farmer may have a very important engagement to keep; or, more serious still, he may be expecting a warm reception from a scolding wife.

The artist himself, who may be presumed to know the incident he intended to illustrate, has inscribed on the frame of his picture the following lines from "Macbeth:"

> "The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
> Now spurs the lated traveler apace,
> To gain the *timely inn.*"

But every one is at liberty to interpret the picture to suit his own fancy.

[Written expressly for Harper's Weekly.]

WOMAN'S LOVE.

By JOHN HAY.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel! hear my story.

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell:
Love brought me down to death, and death to
hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow. Look! the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go;
I can not rise to peace and leave him so!
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star
She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee;
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin;
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

PARIS NEWSBOYS.

Newsboys, the world over, are noted for their smartness and enterprise. The upper illustration on page 461 shows how they smuggle newspapers into and out of Paris. One of them will bring a bundle of papers, and clamber with it upon the top of the rampart, whence he may either toss the bundle down to an outside boy creeping at the bottom of the moat, or may let it down by a string, which also serves him to pull up a bundle of foreign or provincial journals for sale in Paris.

THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

Though less celebrated than that other German river, the glorious Rhine, the Danube possesses many attractions for the tourist. It rises in the Black Forest, and the upper part of its course, through South Germany, shows a great deal of picturesque scenery; but eastward, from Vienna down to the Black Sea, its banks are generally flat. There is a striking exception to this dull, monotonous level in the defile between precipitous rocks called the Iron Gate, in Wallachia, four or five miles below Orsova, near the frontier of Hungary. An illustration of the scenery here is shown in the engraving on page 452. The whole length of this noble river, with all its windings, is 1725 miles, or nearly 1000 miles from west to east.

We send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "*Price-List*," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly*.—Howard & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. All prices reduced since February 1.—[*Com.*]

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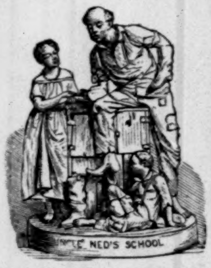

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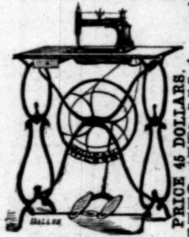

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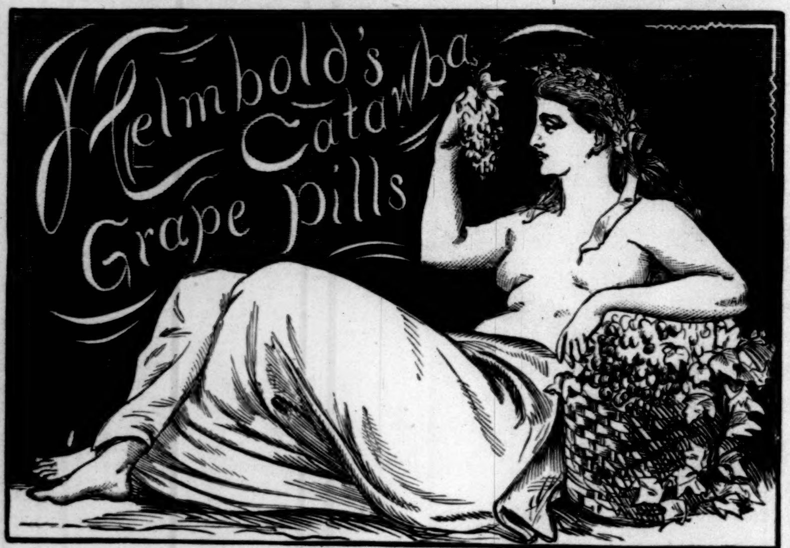

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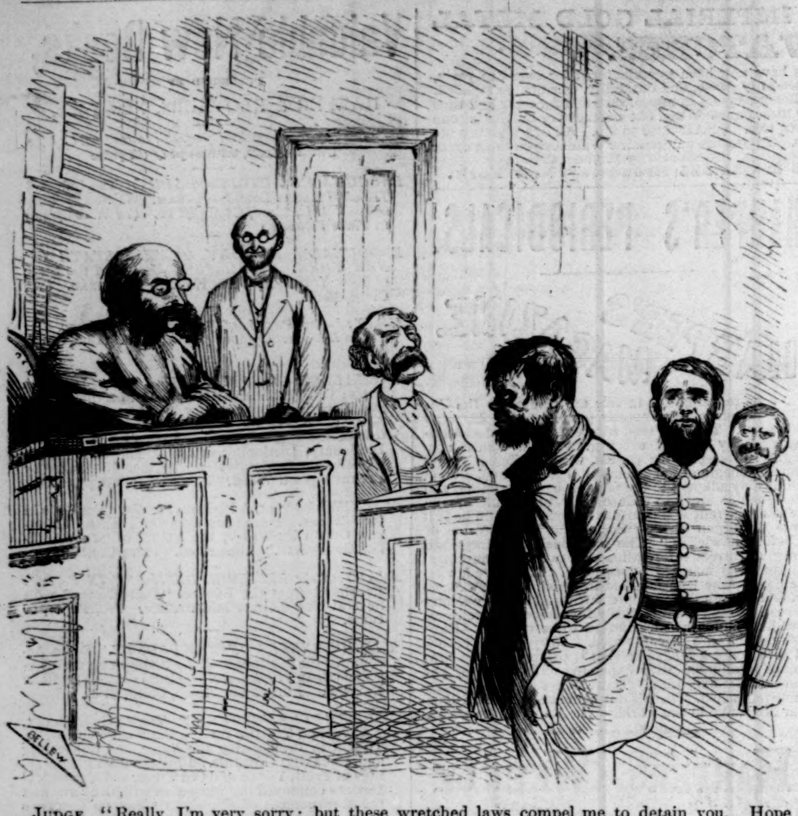

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IN ANY CLIMATE.

To those who have never used it, we say give it a fair trial, and our word for it you will thereafter use no other kind.

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BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

No. 5 Nassau St., New York, *May* 1, 1871.

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The total amount of the Loan is $15,000,000, of which nearly one-half, or over $7,000,000, have already been sold.

The Central Pacific Bonds negotiated by us, amounting to $25,885,000 have a ready market every where, being favorably known and actively dealt in at all the principal Stock Exchanges of this country and Europe, and are readily salable at all times at quoted market price, which is now above par.

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We also buy and sell Government Securities, and the Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and as agents of the United States Government will attend to the funding of 5-20's into the new United States Bonds.

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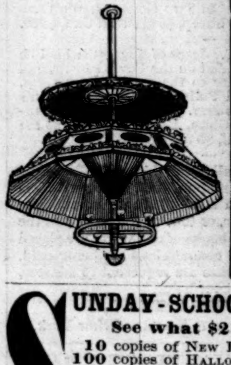

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See what $25 will buy:

10 copies of New Hallowed Songs;
100 copies of Hallowed Hymns (its companion);
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Singing Guide, free on application.

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☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

F. E. BRAUNSDORF & CO., M'f'rs of the Ætna Shuttle S. M., have removed their Warerooms to 264 *Bowery.* Our new Family Machine is now ready, and all orders for them will be promptly supplied, as well as our B. and No. 2 M'f'g Machines. Responsible Agents required where not established, and liberal terms given.

WANTED—AGENTS (**$20 per day**), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed.* The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

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Send for Circular.

☞ NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

The subscriptions to the New Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about $62,000,000. They are confidently expected to reach $200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury will then be changed to the following programme:

First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference, after the above-mentioned two hundred millions are taken up, in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of bonds.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the $200,000,000 of five per cents, which are unconditional, are now going on, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers, who can receive a scrip certificate in advance, if they desire to pay their gold or exchange United States 5-20's at once, in the registered or coupon form. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depositary of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows:

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7.30 Notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by redemptions	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of advertising United States loans.

Treasury Office, New York, April 15.

AGENTS WANTED FOR **THE YEAR OF BATTLES.** A History of the Franco-German War. By Brockett. Accurate, reliable, and complete. The only one published. Send $1.50 for outfit, and secure the best territory at once. Address J. W. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Chicago.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

THEODORE HOOK.

By S. C. HALL.

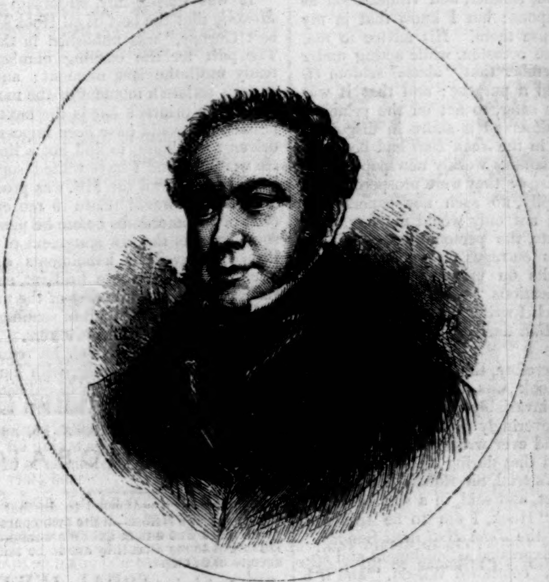
THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22d September, 1788. His father was a musical composer, who "enjoyed in his time success and celebrity." His elder brother, James, was Dean of Worcester, whose son is the present learned and eloquent Dean of Chichester. The mother was an accomplished lady, and also an author.

The natural talent of Theodore was, therefore, early nursed: unfortunately, the Greenroom was the too frequent "study" of the youth; for his father's fame and income were chiefly derived from the composition of operetta songs, for which Theodore usually wrote the libretta. When little more than a boy he had produced, perhaps, thirty farces, and in 1808 gave birth to a novel. Those who remember the two great actors of a long period, Mathews and Liston, will be at no loss to comprehend the popularity of Hook's farces; for these eminent men were his "props."

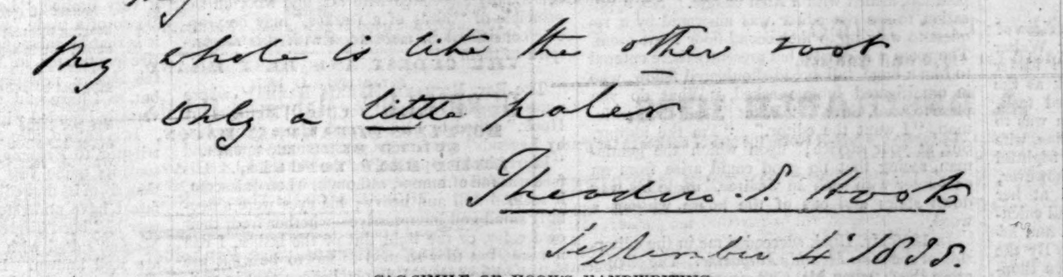
In 1812, when his finances were low, and the chances of increasing them limited, and when, perhaps, also his constitution had been tried by "excesses," he received the appointment of Accountant-General and Treasurer at the Mauritius—a post with an income of £2000 a year. Hook seems to have derived his qualification for that office from his antipathy to arithmetic, and his utter unfitness for business. The result might have been easily foreseen: in 1819 he returned to England, the cause being indicated by his famous pun. When the Governor of the Cape expressed to him a hope that he was not returning because of ill health, Hook "regretted" to say "they think there is something wrong in the *chest.*" He was found guilty of owing £12,000 to the Government, yet he was "without a shilling in his pocket." If public funds had been abstracted, he was none the richer, and there was certainly no suspicion that the money had been dishonestly advantageous to him. Although kept for years in hot water, battling with the Treasury, it was not until 1823 that the penalty was exacted—some time after the *John Bull* had made him a host of enemies. Of course, as he could not pay in purse, he was doomed to "pay in person." After spending some months "pleasantly" at a dreary sponging-house in Shoe Lane, where there was ever "an agreeable prospect, *barring* the windows," he was removed to the Rules of the Bench, residing there a year, being "discharged from custody" in 1825. While in the "Rules" he was under very little restraint, being almost as much in society as ever, taking special care not to be seen by any of his creditors, who might have "pounced" upon him, and made the marshal responsible for the debt. The danger was less in Hook's case than in that of others, for his principal "detaining creditor" was the King.

I remember his telling me that during his "confinement" in the "Rules" he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, while a prisoner there, paid a visit to India. The story is this: The gentleman called one morning on the marshal, who said, "Mr. So-and-so, I have not had the pleasure to see you for a long time." "No wonder," was the answer, "for since you saw me last I have been to India." In reply to a look of astonished inquiry he explained, "I knew my affairs there were so intricate and involved that no one but myself could unravel them; so I ran the risk and took my chance. I am back with ample funds to pay all my debts, and to live comfortably for the rest of my days." Mr. Hook did not say if the gentleman had obtained from his securities a license for what he had done; but the anecdote illustrates the extreme laxity enjoyed by prisoners in "the Rules," which extended to several streets, as compared with the doleful incarceration to which poor debtors were subjected, who, in those days, often had their miserable homes in a jail for debts that might have been paid by shillings.

He then took up his residence at Putney, from which he removed to a "mansion" in Cleveland Row, but subsequently to Fulham, where the remainder of his life was passed, and where he died. The house at Fulham was a small detached cottage. It is of this cottage that Lockhart says, "We doubt if its interior was ever seen by half a dozen people besides the old confidential worshipers of Bull's Mouth." It was "removed" by the railroad.



THEODORE HOOK.



My first for age hath great repute
My second is a Tailor
My whole is like the other root
Only a little paler

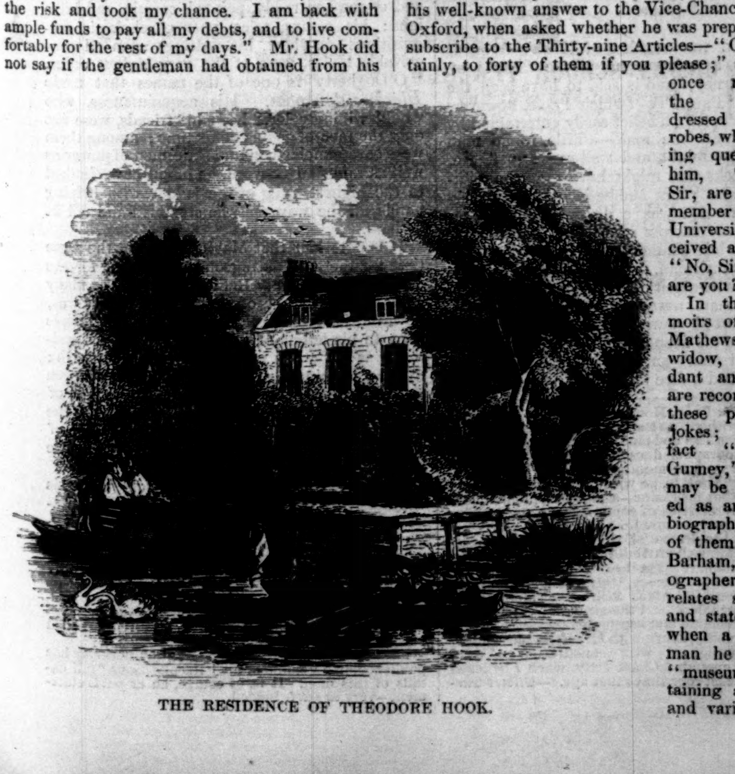
Theodore E. Hook
September 4th 1838.

FAC-SIMILE OF HOOK'S HANDWRITING.

Hook resided here in comparative obscurity. It gave him a pleasant prospect of Putney Bridge, and of Putney on the opposite side of the river. As the Thames flowed past the bottom of his small and narrow garden, he had a perpetually cheerful and changing view of the many gay passers-by in boats, and yachts, and steamboats. The only room of the cottage I ever saw was somewhat coarsely furnished: a few prints hung on the walls, but there was no evidence of those suggestive refinements which substitute intellectual for animal gratifications in the internal arrangements of a domicile that becomes necessarily a workshop.

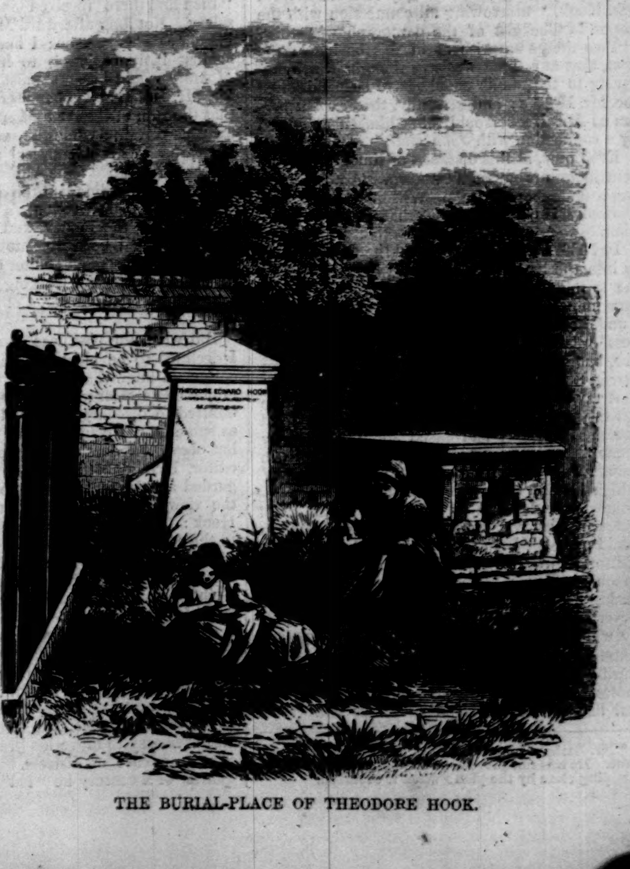
Hook's love of practical joking seems to have commenced early. Almost of that character was his well-known answer to the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, when asked whether he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles—"Oh, certainly, to forty of them if you please;" and his once meeting the proctor dressed in his robes, who, having questioned him, "Pray, Sir, are you a member of this University?" received a reply, "No, Sir; pray are you?"

In the Memoirs of Chas. Mathews, by his widow, abundant anecdotes are recorded of these practical jokes; but in fact "Gilbert Gurney," which may be regarded as an autobiography, is full of them. Mr. Barham, his biographer, also relates several, and states that when a young man he had a "museum" containing a large and varied collection of knockers, sign-paintings, barbers' poles, and cocked hats, gathered together during his "predatory adventures;" but its most attractive object was "a gigantic Highlander," looted from the shop door of a tobacconist on a dark, foggy night. These "enterprises of great pith and moment" are detailed by himself in full. The most "glorious" of them has been often told—how he sent through the post some "four thousand" letters, inviting on a given day a huge assemblage of visitors to the house of a lady of fortune, living at 54 Berners Street, beginning with a dozen sweeps at daybreak—including lawyers, doctors, upholsterers, jewelers, coal-merchants, linen-drapers, artists, even the Lord Mayor, for whose behoof a special temptation was invented. In a word, there was no conceivable trade, profession, or calling that was not summoned to augment the crowd of foot passengers and carriages by which the street was thronged from dawn till midnight, while Hook and a friend enjoyed the confusion from a room opposite. Lockhart, in the *Quarterly*, says that the hoax was merely the result of a wager that Hook would in one week make the quiet dwelling the most famous house in all London. Mr. Barham affirms that the lady, Mrs. Tottenham, had, in some way or other, fallen under the displeasure of "the formidable trio"—Mr. Hook and two unnamed friends. His conversation was an unceasing stream of wit, of which he was profuse, as if he knew the source to be inexhaustible. He never kept it for display, or for company, or for those who knew its value—wit was, indeed, as natural to him as commonplace to commonplace characters. It was not only in puns, in repartees, in lively retorts, in sparkling sentences, in brilliant illustrations, or in apt or exciting anecdote, this faculty was developed. I have known him string together a number of graceful verses—every one of which was fine in composition and admirable in point—at a moment's notice, on a subject the most inauspicious, and apparently impossible either to wit or rhyme, yet with an effect that delighted a party, and might have borne the test of criticism the most severe. These verses he usually sung in a sort of recitative to some tune with which all were familiar; and if a piano were at hand, he accompanied himself with a gentle strain of music.



THE RESIDENCE OF THEODORE HOOK.

Mrs. Mathews relates that she was present once when Hook dined with the Drury Lane company at a dinner given to Sheridan in honor of his return for Westminster. The guests were numerous, yet he made a verse upon every person in the room: "Every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for wit." Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible had he not witnessed it.



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THEODORE HOOK.

People used to give him subjects the most unpromising, to test his powers. Thus Campbell records that he once supplied him with a theme, "Pepper and Salt," and that he amply seasoned the song with both.

I was present when this rare faculty was put to even a more severe test at a party at Mr. Jerdan's, at Grove House, Brompton—a house long since removed to make room for Ovington Square. It was a large supper-party, and many men and women of mark were present; for the *Literary Gazette* was then in the zenith of its power, worshiped by all aspirants for fame, and courted even by those whose laurels had been won; while its editor, be his shortcomings what they may, was then, as he ever was, ready with a helping hand to those who needed help—a lenient critic, a generous sympathizer, who preferred pushing a dozen forward to thrusting one back.

Hook, having been asked for his song, and, as usual, demanding a theme, one of the guests, either facetious or malicious, called out, "Take Yates's big nose" (Yates, the actor, was of the party). To any one else such a subject would have been appalling. Not so to Hook; he rose, glanced once or twice round the table, and chanted (so to speak) a series of verses perfect in rhythm and rhyme, the incapable theme being dealt with in a marvelous spirit of fun, humor, serious comment, and absolute philosophy, utterly inconceivable to those who had never heard the marvelous improvisatore; each verse describing something which the world considered great, but which became small when placed in comparison with

"Yates's big nose!"

It was the first time I had met Hook, and my astonishment was unbounded. I found it impossible to believe the song was improvised; but I had afterward ample reason to know that so thorough a triumph over difficulties was with him by no means rare.

I had once a glorious day with him on the Thames, fishing in a punt on the river opposite the Swan, at Thames Ditton. Hook was in good health and good spirits, and brimful of mirth. He loved the angler's craft, though he seldom enjoyed it; he spoke with something like affection of a long ago time, when bobbing for roach at the foot of Fulham Bridge, the fisherman perpetually raising or lowering his float, according to the ebb and flow of the tide.

Yes, it was a glorious day! A record of his "sayings and doings" from early morn to set of sun would fill a goodly volume. It was a fine summer day. Fishing on the Thames is lazy fishing; the gudgeons bite freely, but there is little labor in "landing" them: it is the perfection of the *dolce far niente*, giving leisure for talk, and frequent desire for refreshment. In a punt, at all events, though not by the river-side, idle time *is* idly spent; but the wit and fun of Mr. Hook that day might have delighted a hundred by-sitters, and it was a grief to me that I was the only listener—Hook and I—to borrow a pun that is said to have been made by another upon another occasion. Hook then conceived—probably then made—the verses he afterward gave me for the *New Monthly*, entitled "The Swan at Ditton."

The last time I saw Hook was at Priors Bank, Fulham, where his neighbors, Mr. Baylis and

Mr. Whitmore, had given an "entertainment," the leading feature being an amateur play, for which, by-the-way, I wrote the prologue. Hook was then in his decadence, in broken health, his animal spirits gone, the cup of life drained to the dregs. It was morning before the guests departed, yet Hook remained to the last, and a light of other days brightened his features as he opened the piano and began a recitative. The theme was, of course, the occasion that had brought the party together; and perhaps he never, in his best time, was more original, powerful, and pointed. I can recall two of the lines—

"They may boast of their Fulham omnibus,
But *this* is the Fulham stage."

There was a fair young boy standing by his side while he was singing: one of the servants suddenly opened the drawing-room shutters, and a flood of light fell upon the lad's head. The effect was very touching, but it became a thousand times more so as Hook, availing himself of the incident, placed his hand upon the youth's brow, and in tremulous tones uttered a verse of which I remember only the concluding lines—

"For *you* is the dawn of the morning,
For *me* is the solemn good-night."

He rose from the piano, burst into tears, and left the room. Few of those who were present saw him afterward.*

All the evening Hook had been low in spirits; it seemed impossible to stir him into animation until the cause was guessed at by Mr. Blood, a surgeon, who, under the name of Davis, was at that time an actor at the Haymarket. He prescribed a glass of sherry, and retired to procure it, returning presently with a bottle of pale brandy. Having administered two or three doses, the machinery was wound up, and the result was as I have described it.

I give one more instance of his ready wit and rapid power of rhyme. He had been idle for a fortnight, and had written nothing for the *John Bull;* the clerk, however, took him his salary as usual, and on entering his room said, "Have you heard the news?—the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands are dead" (they had just died in England of the small-pox); "and," added the clerk, "we want something about them." "You shall have it," said Hook; "it's done!

'Waiter, two sandwiches!' cried Death;
And their wild majesties resigned their breath.'"

I remember once breakfasting with him, mulled claret being on the table, in jugs that were unmistakably sacramental, and his telling me that when Mrs. Wilson Croker was shocked at so great an outrage on propriety, he succeeded in persuading her they were not what she supposed, the cherubim being neither more nor less than little models of Bacchus.

The *John Bull* was established at the close of the year 1820, and it is said that Sir Walter Scott having been consulted by some leader among "high Tories," suggested Hook as the person precisely suited for the required task. The avowed purpose of the publication was to extinguish the party of the Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.; and in a reckless and frightful spirit the work was done. She died, however, in 1821, and persecution was arrested at her grave. Its projectors and proprietors had calculated on a weekly sale of seven hundred and fifty copies, and prepared accordingly. By the sixth week it had reached a sale of ten thousand, and become a valuable property to "all concerned." Of course there were many prosecutions for libels—damages and costs, and incarceration for breaches of privilege; but all search for actual delinquents was vain. Suspicions were rife enough, but positive proofs there were none. Hook was, of course, in no way implicated in so scandalous and slanderous a publication. On one occasion there appeared among the answers to correspondents a paragraph purporting to be a reply to a letter from Mr. Hook, "disavowing all connection with the paper." The gist of the paragraph was this: "Two things surprise us in this business: the first, that any thing we have thought worthy of giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull.*"

Even now, at this distance of time, few of the contributors are actually known. Among them were undoubtedly John Wilson Croker, and avowedly Haynes Bayly, Barham, and Dr. Maginn.

In 1836, when I had resigned the *New Monthly* into the hands of Mr. Hook, he proposed to me to take the sub-editorship and general literary management of the *John Bull.* That post I undertook, retaining it for a year. Our "business" was carried on, not at the *John Bull* office, but at "Easty's Hotel," in Southampton Street, Strand, in two rooms on the first-floor of that tavern. Mr. Hook was never seen at the office—his existence, indeed, was not recognized there: if any one had asked for him there by name, the answer would have been that no such person was known. Although, at the period of which I write, there was no danger to be apprehended from his walking in and out of the small office in Fleet Street, a time had been when it could not have been done without personal peril. Editorial work was therefore conducted with much secrecy, a confidential person communicating between the editor and the printer, who never knew, or rather, was assumed not to know, by whom the articles were written. In 1836—some years before, and during the years afterward—no paragraph was inserted that in the remotest degree assailed private character: political hatreds and personal hostilities had grown less in vogue; and Hook had lived long enough to be tired of assailing those whom he rather liked and respected. The bitterness of his nature (if it ever existed, which I much doubt) had worn out with years; but, undoubtedly, much of the brilliant wit of the *John Bull* had evaporated; in losing its distinctive feature it had lost its power, and, as a "property," it dwindled to comparative insignificance.

Mr. Hook derived but a small income from his editorship during the later years of his life. I will believe that higher and more honorable motives than those by which he had been guided during the fierce and turbulent party times when the *John Bull* was established, had led him to relinquish scandal, slander, and vituperation as dishonorable weapons; but I know that in my time he did not use them. His advice to me, on more than one occasion, while acting under him, was, to remember that "abuse" seldom effectually answered a purpose; and that it was wiser, as well as safer, to act on the principle that "praise undeserved is satire in disguise." All that was evil in the *John Bull* had been absorbed by two infamous weekly newspapers, the *Age* and the *Satirist:* they were prosperous and profitable. Happily, no such newspapers now exist; the public not only would not buy, they would not tolerate, the personalities, the indecencies, the gross outrages on public men, the scandalous assaults on private character, that made these publications "good speculations" at the period of which I write, and undoubtedly disgraced the *John Bull* during the early part of its career.

No wonder, therefore, that no such person as Mr. Theodore Hook was connected with the *John Bull.* He invariably denied all such connection, and perseveringly protested against the charge that he had ever written a line in it. I have heard it said that during the troublous period of the Queen's trial, Sir Robert Wilson met Hook in the street, and said, in a sort of confidential whisper, "Hook, I am to be traduced and slandered in the *John Bull* next Sunday." Hook, of course, expressed astonishment and abhorrence. "Yes," continued Wilson, "and if I am, I mean to horsewhip you the first time you come in my way. Now stop; I know you have nothing to do with that newspaper; you have told me so a score of times; nevertheless, if the article, which is purely of a private nature—if that article appears, let the consequences be what they may, I will horsewhip you!" The article never did appear. I can give no authority for this anecdote, but I do not doubt its truth.

I have another story to tell of these editorial times. One day a gentleman entered the *John Bull* office, evidently in a state of extreme exasperation, armed with a stout cudgel. His application to see the editor was answered by a request to walk up to the second-floor front-room. The room was empty, but presently there entered to him a huge, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who in unmitigated brogue asked, "What do you plase to want, Sur?" "Want!" said the gentleman, "I want the editor." "I'm the idditur, Sur, at your sarvice;" upon which the gentleman, seeing that no good could arise from an encounter with such an "editor," made his way down stairs and out of the house without a word.

In 1836 Mr. Hook succeeded me in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine.* The change arose thus: when Mr. Colburn and Mr. Bentley had dissolved partnership, and each had his own establishment, much jealousy, approaching hostility, existed between them. Mr. Bentley had announced a comic miscellany, or rather, a magazine, of which humor was to be the leading feature. Mr. Colburn immediately conceived the idea of a rival in that line, and applied to Hook to be its editor. Hook readily complied, the terms of £400 per annum having been settled: as usual, he required payment in advance, and "then and there" received bills for his first year's salary. Not long afterward Mr. Colburn saw the impolicy of his scheme; I had strongly reasoned against it, representing to him that the *New Monthly* would lose its most valuable contributor, Mr. Hook, and other useful allies with him; that the ruin of the *New Monthly* must be looked upon as certain; while the success of his *Joker's Magazine* was problematical at best. Such arguments prevailed: he called upon Mr. Hook with a view to relinquish the design. Mr. Hook was exactly of Mr. Colburn's new opinion. He had received the money, and was not disposed, even if he had been able, to give it back; but suggested his becoming editor of the *New Monthly,* and in that way "working it out." The project met the views of Mr. Colburn, and so it was arranged.

But when the plan was communicated to me, I declined to be placed in the position of sub-editor. I knew that however valuable Mr. Hook might be as a large contributor, he was utterly unfitted to discharge editorial duties; and that, as sub-editor, I could have no power to do aught but obey the orders of my superior; while, as co-editor, I could both suggest and object, as regarded articles and contributors. This was also the view of Mr. Colburn, but not that of Mr. Hook: the consequence was that I retired. As to the conduct of the *New Monthly* in the hands of Mr. Hook, until it came into those of Mr. Hood, and not long afterward was sold by Mr. Colburn to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, it is not requisite to speak.

A word here of Mr. Colburn. I cherish the kindliest memory of that eminent bibliopole. He has been charged with many mean acts as regards authors; but I know that he was often liberal and always considerate toward them: he could be implacable, but also forgiving, and it was ever easy to move his heart by a tale of sorrow or a case of distress. For more than a quarter of a century he "led" the general literature of the kingdom, and I believe his sins of omission and commission were very few. Such is my impression, resulting from six years' continual intercourse with him.

He was a little man, of mild and kindly countenance, and of much bodily activity. His peculiarity was that he rarely or never finished a sentence, appearing as if he considered it hazardous to express fully what he thought; consequently, one could seldom understand what was his real opinion upon any subject he "debated or discussed." His debate was always a "possibly" or a "perhaps;" his discussion invariably led to no conclusion for or against the matter in hand.*

It was during my editorship of the *New Monthly* that the best of all Hook's works, "Gilbert Gurney," was published in that magazine. The part for the ensuing number was rarely ready until the last moment; and more than once at so late a moment of the month, that unless in the printer's hands the next morning, its publication would have been impossible. I have driven to Fulham, to find not a line of the article written; and I have waited, sometimes nearly all night, until the MS. was produced. Now and then he would relate to me one of the raciest of the anecdotes before he penned it down; sometimes as the raw statement of a fact before it had received its habiliments of fiction, but often as even a more brilliant story than the reader found it on the first of the month.†

Hook was in the habit of sending pen-and-ink sketches of himself in his letters. I had one of especial interest, in which he represented himself down upon his knees, with handkerchief to eyes. The meaning was to indicate his grief at being late with his promised article for the *New Monthly,* and his begging pardon thereupon. He had great facility for taking off likenesses.

Here is Hook's contribution to Mrs. Hall's Album:

"Having been requested to do that which I never did in my life before—write two charades upon two given and by no means sublime words—here they are. It is right to say that they are to be taken with reference to each other.

"My first is in triumphs most usually found;
Old houses and trees show my second;
My whole is long, spiral, red, tufted, and round,
And with beef is most excellent reckoned.

"My first for age hath great repute;
My second is a tailor;
My whole is like the other root,
Only a *little* paler.

"Theodore E. Hook,
"*Sept.* 4, 1835.

"Do you give them up? Car-rot.
"Par-snip."

The reader may permit me here to introduce some Memories of the immediate contemporaries and allies of Hook, whose names are, indeed, continually associated with his, and who, on the principle of "birds of a feather," may be properly considered in association with this master-spirit of them all.

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham, whose notes supplied material for the "Memoirs of Hook," edited by his son, and whose "Ingoldsby Legends" are famous, was a stout, squat, and "hearty-looking parson" of the old school. His face was full of humor, although, when quiescent, it seemed dull and heavy; his eyes were singularly small and inexpressive—whether from their own color, or the light tint of the lashes, I can not say, but they seemed to me to be what are called white eyes. I do not believe that in society he had much of the sparkle that characterized his friend, or that might have been expected in so formidable a wit of the pen. Sam Beazley, on the contrary, was a light, airy, graceful person, who had much refinement, without that peculiar manner which bespeaks the well-bred gentleman. He was the "Daly" of "Gilbert Gurney," whose epitaph was written by Hook long before his death:

"Here lies Sam Beazley,
Who lived hard, and died easily."‡

When I knew him he was practicing as an architect in Soho Square. He was one of Hook's early friends, but I believe they were not in close intimacy for some years previous to the death of Hook.

Tom Hill was another of Hook's frequent and familiar associates: he is the "Hull" of "Gilbert Gurney," and is said to have been the original of "Paul Pry" (which Poole, however, strenuously denied), a belief easily entertained by those who knew the man—a little, round man he was, with straight and well-made-up figure, and rosy cheeks that might have graced a milkmaid, when his years numbered certainly fourscore.§ Tom Hill was a dry-salter in Queenhithe, a man of narrow education, of no literary attainment, while his manners were by no means those of a gentleman. He managed, however, to draw the wits about him, giving *recherché* dinners at Sydenham, never costly. He was in reality their "butt;" some liked but none respected him. One of his friends pictures him as "a little, fat, florid man—an elderly Cupid." Another says "he had a face like a peony." He had a rare collection of books, of which he knew only the titles and their marketable value: dry-salting and literary tastes did not harmonize. In his later days he was poor: he lived and died in third-floor chambers in the Adelphi. But his age no one ever knew. The story is well known of James Smith asserting that it never could be ascertained, for that the register of his birth was lost in the fire of London; and Hook's comment, "Oh, he's much older than that; he's one of the little Hills that skipped in the Bible." He was a merry man, *toujours gai,* who seemed as if neither trouble nor anxiety had ever crossed his threshold, or broken the sleep of a single night. His peculiar faculty was to find out what every body did, from a minister of state to a stable-boy; and there are tales enough told of his chats with child-maids in the park to ascertain the amounts of their wages, and with lounging footmen in Grosvenor Square to learn how many guests had dined at a house the day before. His curiosity seemed bent upon prying into small things; for secrets that involved serious matters he appeared to care nothing. "Pooh, pooh, Sir, don't tell me! I happen to know!"—that phrase was continually coming from his lips. It is said that when he gave a penny to a crossing-sweeper, he used to ask his name and address.

Of a far higher and better order was Hook's friend Mr. Brodrick, so long one of the police magistrates, a gentleman of large acquirements and sterling rectitude. Nearly as much may be said of Dubois, more than half a century ago the editor of a then popular magazine, the *Monthly Mirror.* Dubois, in his latter days, enjoyed "the sweets of office" as a magistrate in the Court of Requests. He was a pleasant man in face and in manners, and retained to the last much of the humor that characterized the productions of his earlier years. To the admirable actor and estimable gentleman, Charles Mathews, I can merely allude. His memory has received full honor and homage from his wife, but there are few who knew him who will hesitate to indorse her testimony to his many excellences of head and heart.

I knew William Maginn, LL.D., when he was a school-master in Cork, where he was born in 1794. He died in London in 1842. When very young he established a reputation for scholastic knowledge, and attained some eminence as a wit; and about the year 1820 astounded "the beautiful city" by poetical contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine,* in which certain literary citizens of Cork were somewhat scurrilously assailed. The doctor, it is said, was invited to London in order to share with Hook the labors of the *John Bull.** I believe, however, he was but a very limited "help;" perhaps the old adage, "two of a trade," applied in this case. Certain it is that he subsequently found a more appreciative paymaster in Westmacott, who conducted the *Age,* a newspaper then greatly patronized, but, as I have said, one that now would be universally branded with the term "infamous."

It is known, also, that he became a leading contributor to *Fraser's Magazine,* a magazine that took its name less from its publisher, Fraser, than from its first editor, Fraser, a barrister, whose fate I have understood was mournful, as his career had been discreditable. The particulars of Maginn's duel with the Hon. Grantley Berkeley are well known. It arose out of an article in *Fraser* reviewing Berkeley's novel, in the course of which he spoke in utterly unjustifiable terms of Berkeley's mother. Mr. Berkeley was not satisfied with inflicting on the publisher so severe a beating that it was the proximate cause of his death, but called out the doctor, who manfully avowed the authorship. Each, it is understood, fired three shots without effect, and when Fraser, who was Maginn's second, asked if there should be another shot, Maginn is reported to have said, "Blaze away, by ——! a barrel of powder!"†

The career of Maginn in London was, to say the least, mournful. Few men ever started with better prospects; there was hardly any position in the state to which he might not have aspired. His learning was profound; his wit of the tongue and of the pen ready, pointed, caustic, and brilliant; his essays, tales, poems, scholastic disquisitions—in short, his writings upon all conceivable topics, were of the very highest order. "O'Dogherty" is one of the names that made *Blackwood* famous. His acquaintances, who would willingly have been his friends, were not only the men of genius of his time; among them were several noblemen and statesmen of power as well as rank. In a word, he might have climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, with helping hands all the way up: he stumbled and fell at its base.

It is notorious that Maginn wrote at the same time for the *Age,* outrageously Tory, and for the *True Sun,* a violently Radical paper. For many years he was editor of the *Standard.* It was, however, less to his thorough want of principle than to his habits of intoxication that his position was low when it ought to have been high; that he was indigent when he might have been rich; that he lost self-respect and the respect of all with whom he came in contact, except the few "kindred spirits" who relished the flow of wit, and little regarded the impure source whence it issued.

Maginn's reckless habits soon told upon his character, and almost as soon on his constitution. They may be illustrated by an anecdote related of him in Barham's Life of Hook. A friend, when dining with him and praising his wine, asked where he got it. "At the tavern close by," said the doctor. "A very good cellar," said the guest; "but do you not pay rather an extravagant price for it?" "I don't know, I don't know," returned the doctor; "I believe they do put down something in a book." And I have heard of Maginn a story similar to that told of Sheridan, that once when he accepted a bill, he exclaimed to the astonished debtor, "Well, thank Heaven, *that* debt is off my mind!"

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* Mr. Barham has a confused account of this incident. He was not present on the occasion, as I was standing close by the piano when it occurred.

* Of Colburn, Lady Morgan said, "He could not take his tea without a stratagem. He was a strange *mélange* of meanness and munificence in his dealings."

† Hook's biographer does not seem to have been aware that for several months before he became editor of the *New Monthly,* he wrote the "Monthly Commentary" for that magazine—a pleasant, piquant, and sometimes severe series of comments on the leading topics or events of the month.

‡ Mr. Peake, the dramatist, who wrote most of Mathews's "At Homes," attributes this epitaph to John Hardwick. Lockhart gives it to Hook. Hook pictures Beazley in "Gilbert Gurney," "His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments."

§ "He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted; with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, when *I* believed him to be at least four times that age."—*Gilbert Gurney.*

* Lockhart, in one of his letters to Wilson in 1824, expresses a belief that Maginn had come over (from Ireland) to assist Theodore Hook in the *John Bull,* and "to do all sorts of by-jobs." That was after he had become somewhat renowned as a leading contributor to *Blackwood.* His first article in *Blackwood* was, I believe, a translation into Latin of the ballad of "Chevy Chase."

† Since this was written, Mr. Grantley Berkeley has published, in a volume of his "Recollections," full details of this duel. It is, of course, an *ex parte* statement—very *ex parte* indeed.

The evil seemed incurable; it was not only indulged in at noon and night, but at morning. He was one of the eight editors engaged by Mr. Murray to edit the *Representative* during the eight months of its existence. I was a reporter on that paper of great promise and large hopes. One evening Maginn himself undertook to write a notice of a fancy ball at the Opera House in aid of the distressed weavers of Spitalfields. It was a grand affair, patronized by the royal family and a vast proportion of the aristocracy of England. Maginn went, of course inebriated, and returned worse. He contemplated the affair as if it had taken place among the thieves and demireps of Whitechapel, and so described it in the paper of the next morning. Well I remember the indignation of John Murray, and the universal disgust the article excited.

I may relate another anecdote to illustrate this sad characteristic. It was told to me by one of the doctor's old pupils and most intimate and steady friends, Mr. Quinten Kennedy, of Cork. A gentleman was anxious to secure Maginn's services for a contemplated literary undertaking of magnitude, and the doctor was to dine with him to arrange the affair. Kennedy was resolved that at all events he should go to the dinner sober, and so called upon him before he was up, never leaving him for a moment all day, and resolutely resisting every imploring appeal for a dram. The hour of six drew near, and they sallied out. On the way Kennedy found it almost impossible, even by main force, to prevent the doctor's entering a public-house. On their road they passed an undertaker's shop; the doctor suddenly stopped, recollected he had a message there, and begged Kennedy to wait for a moment outside. The request was complied with, as there could be no possible danger in such a place. Maginn entered, with his handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing bitterly; the undertaker, recognizing a prospective customer, sought to subdue his grief with the usual words of consolation, Maginn blubbering out, "Every thing must be done in the best style—no expense must be spared; she was worthy, and I can afford it." The undertaker, seeing such intense grief, presented a seat, and prescribed a little brandy. After sufficient resistance both were accepted. A bottle was produced, and emptied, glass after glass, with suggested instructions between whiles. At length the doctor rose to join his wondering and impatient friend, who soon saw what had happened. He was, even before dinner, in such a state as to preclude all business talk; and it is needless to add that the contemplated arrangement was never made.

He lived in wretchedness and died in misery—wantonly worn out at the age of forty-two. His death took place at Walton-on-Thames, and in the church-yard of that village he is buried. Not long ago I visited the place, but no one could point out to me the precise spot of his interment. It is without a stone, without a mark, lost among the clay sepulchres of the throng who had no friends to inscribe a name or ask a memory.[*]

Maginn was rather under than above the middle size; his countenance was "swarthy," and by no means genial in expression. He had a peculiar thickness of speech, not quite a stutter. Latterly excesses told upon him, producing their usual effects. The quick intelligence of his face was lost; his features were sullied by unmistakable signs of an ever-degrading habit; he was old before his time. He is another sad example to "warn and scare." A life that might have produced so much yielded comparatively nothing; and although there have been suggestions, from Lockhart and others, to collect his writings, they have never been gathered together from the periodical tombs in which they lie buried, and now, probably, they can not be all recognized.[†]

Among the leading contributors to the *New Monthly*, before and after the advent of Mr. Hook, was John Poole, the author of "Little Pedlington," "Paul Pry," and many other pleasant works—not witty, but full of true humor. He was, when in his prime, a pleasant companion, though nervously sensitive; and, like most professional "jokers," irritable exceedingly whenever a joke was made to tell against himself.

It is among my "Memories" that during the first month of my editorship of the *New Monthly* I took from a mass of submitted MS. one written in a small, neat hand, entitled "A New Guide-Book." I had read it nearly half through, and was about to fling it with contempt among "the rejected," before I discovered its point. I had perused it, so far, as an attempt to describe an actual watering-place, and to bring it into notoriety. When, however, I did discover the real purpose of the writer, my delight was large in proportion. The MS. was the first part of "Little Pedlington." I believe he had then no intention of continuing it; "it was complete in itself," but the popularity it acquired induced him to make of it a book. It was "drawn out" until it became a mere thread.

It was, as I have said, generally believed that Tom Hill suggested the character of Paul Pry. Poole never would admit this. In 1831 he wrote a sort of "funny" autobiography for the *New Monthly* (to accompany a portrait of him published there), in which he declined to tell his age, where he was born, what he had written, what he was inclined to do, or, indeed, any thing about himself, except that "Hamlet Travestie" was published in 1810. But that was "when he was a child," and the piece of "Tomfoolery" led to his being a writer for the stage, his first farce being "Who's Who." In that article he thus gave the origin of Paul Pry:

> "The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested to me by the following anecdote related to me several years ago by a beloved friend: An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe, in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation. She became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. 'Betty, what *are* are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 92? Who was it?' 'The first-floor lodger, ma'am.' 'Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning; why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?' 'Why, lor, it's only the baker with pies.' 'Pies, Betty! What CAN they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday!'"

Poole had the happy knack of turning every trifling incident to valuable account. I remember his telling me an anecdote in illustration of this faculty. I believe he never printed it. Being at Brighton one day, he strolled into a hotel to get an early dinner, took his seat at a table, and was discussing his chop and ale, when another guest entered, took his stand by the fire, and began whistling. After a minute or two, "Fine day, Sir," said he. "Very fine," answered Poole. "Business pretty brisk?" "I believe so." "Do any thing with Jones on the Parade?" "Now," said Poole, "it so happened that Jones was the grocer from whom I occasionally bought a quarter of a pound of tea, so I answered, 'A little.'" "Good man, Sir," quoth the stranger. "Glad to hear it, Sir." "Do any thing with Thompson in North Street?" "No, Sir." "Shaky, Sir." "Sorry to hear it, Sir; recommend Mohammed's baths!" "Any thing with Smith in James Street?" "Nothing. I have heard the name of Smith before certainly, but of this particular Smith I know nothing." The stranger looked at Poole earnestly, advanced to the table, and, with his arms a-kimbo, said, "By Jove, Sir, I begin to think you are a gentleman!" "I hope so, Sir," answered Poole, "and I hope you are much the same." "Nothing of the kind, Sir," said the stranger; "and if you are a gentleman, what business have you here?" upon which he rang the bell, and as the waiter entered, indignantly exclaimed, "That's a gentleman; turn him out!" Poole had unluckily entered, and taken his seat in, the commercial room of the hotel.

All who knew Poole know that he was ever full of himself, believing his renown to be the common talk of the world. A whimsical illustration of this weakness was lately told me by a mutual friend. When at Paris recently, he chanced to say to Poole, "Of course you are free at all the theatres?" "No, Sir, I am not," he answered, solemnly and indignantly. "Will you believe *this?* I went to the Opéra Comique, and told the director I wished for a free admission. He asked me who I was. I said, 'John Poole!' Sir, I ask *you*, will you believe *this?* He said—he *didn't know me!*"

The Queen gave him a nomination to the Charter-house, where his age might have been passed in ease, respectability, comfort, and competence; but it was impossible for one so restless to bear the wholesome and necessary restraint of that institution. He came to me one day, boiling over with indignation, having resolved to quit its quiet cloisters—his principal ground for complaint being that he must dine at two o'clock, and be within walls by ten. He resigned the appointment, but subsequently obtained one of the Crown pensions, and took up his final abode in Paris, where during the last ten years of his life he lived—if that can be called "life" which consisted of one scarcely ever interrupted course of self-sacrifice to *eau-de-vie*. His mind was, of late, entirely gone. I met him in 1861, in the Rue St. Honoré, and he did not recognize me.

I am not aware of any details concerning his death. When I last inquired concerning him, all I could learn was that he had gone to live at Boulogne; that two quarters had passed without any application from him for his pension; and that therefore of course he was dead.

He was a tall, handsome man, by no means "jolly" like some of his contemporary wits—rather, I should say, inclined to be taciturn; and I do not think his habits of drinking were excited by the stimulants of society.[*] Little, I believe, is known of his life—even to the actors and playwrights with whom he chiefly associated—from the time when his burlesque of "Hamlet Travestie" (printed in 1810) commenced his career of celebrity, if not of fame, to his death, in the year 1862, I believe, being then probably about seventy years old. He is perhaps entitled to a more enlarged Memory than I can give him.

One of the earlier contributors to the *John Bull*, and a frequent contributor to the *New Monthly*, was the "song-writer"—Thomas Haynes Bayly. He was of a good family, born in Bath. Although his songs, of which he wrote many hundreds, are now seldom heard, there was a time when every street chorister had them perpetually on his tongue; and a barrel-organ would have been very imperfect if it did not contain at least, "I'd be a butterfly," and "Oh no! we never mention her." In fact, the ear was cloyed by their perpetual repetition at the corner of every lane and alley of the metropolis; yet not there only: for a long time they were the "pets" of the drawing-room, and favorites at all the theatres, being generally wedded to simple music that suited the tastes of the masses.

Haynes Bayly was a gentleman of refined habits, tall, slight, and of handsome person and agreeable manners. His father was an eminent solicitor of Bath, and at one period of his life he was rich. He lost his inheritance, however, it was understood, by the rascality of a trustee.

There was another Bayley—his very opposite in all ways—F. W. N. Bayley, who was usually distinguished as "Initial Bayley." He, too, wrote songs, and they were popular; but his productions were often mistaken for those of his namesake, which they resembled much as does the pinchbeck of Birmingham the pure gold of twenty carats. He prided himself on copying Maginn, whom he was rather like in person, and certainly in acquired "ways," even to the slight stutter—a peculiarity of his prototype. He died young, the victim, no doubt, of perilous habits, which could not stand the wear and tear of life as "a bookseller's hack." He had, however, much natural wit, and a singular facility in writing rhymes, some of which were certainly above mediocrity. There is one of his books that yet lives; it describes the adventures of two tourists in India who made their escape in a very odd way from a tiger. Few can remember and recall him now; and there are not many who have read a line of his multifarious "scribblings" in prose and verse.

Other "aids" of the *John Bull* I might summon from the "vasty deep;" but there are not many of them whose names are worthy the record of even a line.

From what I have written, the reader will gather that I only knew Hook in his decline—the relic of a manly form, the decadence of a strong mind, and the comparative exhaustion of a brilliant wit. Leigh Hunt, speaking of him at a much earlier period, thus writes: "He was tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humor, but no refinement." And Mrs. Mathews describes him as with sparkling eyes and expressive features, of manly form, and somewhat of a dandy in dress. When in the prime of manhood and the zenith of fame, Mr. Barham says, "he was not the tuft-hunter, but the tuft-hunted;" and it is easy to believe that one so full of wit, so redolent of fun, so rich in animal spirits, must have been a marvelously coveted acquaintance in the society where he was so eminently calculated to shine; from that of royalty to the major and minor clubs; from the "Athenæum" to the "Garrick," of which he was a cherished member.

In 1828, when I first saw him, he was above the middle height, robust of frame, and broad of chest; well-proportioned, with evidence of great physical capacity; his complexion dark, as were his eyes. There was nothing fine or elevated in his expression; indeed, his features when in repose were heavy; it was otherwise when animated; yet his manners were those of a gentleman, less, perhaps, from inherent faculty than from the polish which refined society ever gives.[*]

He is described as a man of "iron energies," and certainly must have had an iron constitution, for his was a life of perpetual stimulants, intellectual as well as physical.

When I saw him last—it was not long before his death—he was aged, more by care than time; his face bore evidence of what is falsely termed "a gay life;" his voice had lost its roundness and force, his form its buoyancy, his intellect its strength.

> "Alas! how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!"

Yet his wit was ready still; he continued to sparkle humor even when exhausted nature failed, and his last words are said to have been a brilliant jest.

At length the iron frame wore down; he was haunted by pecuniary difficulties, yet compelled to daily work, not only for himself, but for a family of children by a lady to whom he was not married. He then lived almost entirely on brandy, and became incapable of digesting animal food. Well might his friend Lockhart say, "He came forth, *at best*, from a long day of labor at his writing-desk, after his faculties had been at the stretch; feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain, all overworked, perhaps well-nigh exhausted."

And thus, "at best," while "seated among the revelers of a princely saloon," sometimes losing at cards among his great "friends" more money than he could earn in a month, his thoughts were laboring to devise some mode of postponing a debt only from one week to another. Well might he have compared, as he did, his position to that of an alderman, who was required to relish his turtle soup while forced to eat it sitting on a tight rope.

The last time he went out to dinner was with Colonel Shadwell Clarke, at Brompton Grove. While in the drawing-room he suddenly turned to the mirror and said, "Ay, I see I look as I am—done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last!"

Colonel Clarke was the editor of the *United Service Journal*, a magazine published by Mr. Colburn, to represent and advocate the interests of the army and navy. At his house I used to meet many of the officers of both services who had distinguished themselves as authors, Captain Marryat more especially—a short, stout, thick-set man, who walked, and looked, and spoke as if he were at home only on the quarter-deck. He seemed "every inch a sailor," with energy, promptness, and courage. He may be said to have commenced the class of naval novels, in which he had many followers and imitators; but none of them have retained the public favor that is still given to "The King's Own" and "Peter Simple."

Hook died on the 24th of August, 1841, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, and was buried in the church-yard at Fulham, which adjoined his residence. His grave is in a nook under the west window, where a score of Bishops of London are interred. Close beside the upright stone that bears the name of Theodore Edward Hook is the tomb of Bishop Sherlock.

Yes; when I knew most of him he was approaching the close, not of a long, but of a "fast" life. He had ill-used Time, and Time was not in his debt.

He was tall and stout, but not healthfully stout, with a round face, which told too much of jovial nights and wasted days; of toil when the head aches and the hand shakes; of the absence of self-respect; of mornings in ignoble rest to gather strength for evenings of useless energy; of, in short, a mind and constitution naturally vigorous and powerful, but sadly and grievously misapplied and misused.

No writer concerning Hook can claim for him an atom of respect. His history is but a record of written, or spoken, or practical jokes, that made no one wiser or better. His career "points a moral" indeed, but it is by showing the wisdom of virtue. In the end, his "friends," so called, were ashamed openly to give him help; and although bailiffs did not—as in the case of Sheridan—

> "Seize his last blanket,"

his death-bed was haunted by apprehensions of arrest, and it was a relief rather than a loss to society when a few comparatively humble mourners laid him in a corner of Fulham Church-yard.

Alas! let not those who read the records of many distinguished, nay, some illustrious, lives imagine that because men of genius have too often cherished the perilous habit of seeking consolation or inspiration from what it is a libel on nature to call "the *social* glass," it is therefore reasonable or excusable, or can ever be innocuous. Talfourd may gloss it over in Lamb as averting a vision terrible; Beattie may deplore it in Campbell as having become a dismal necessity; the biographer of Hook may lightly look upon the curse as the spring-head of his perpetual wit. I will not continue the list; it is frightfully long. Hook is but one of many men of rare intellect, large mental powers, with faculties designed and calculated to benefit mankind, who have sacrificed character, life—I had almost said SOUL—to habits which are wrongly and wickedly called pleasures—the pleasures of the table! Many indeed are they who have thus made for themselves miserable destinies, useless or pernicious lives, and unhonored or dishonorable graves. I will add the warning of great Wordsworth when addressing the sons of Burns:

> "But ne'er to a seductive lay
> Let faith be given;
> Nor deem the light that leads astray
> Is light from heaven."

Take also the impressive warning of Earl Russell, that "vice in men of wit and intellect is of tenfold peril: it is not 'light from heaven,' but flashes from a volcano that has its source in hell!"

A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

One of the most interesting sights along our New York docks is that of the loading or unloading of ships by means of the splendid steam-elevators, of one of which our artist gives a sketch on page 469. These immense structures greatly facilitate the business of commerce. It was once feared that the cargo of a ship loaded by this process would be more liable to shift in a storm than if stowed by hand, and thus increase the perils of the voyage. This apprehension has proved to be unfounded, and in every shipping port in the country these effective machines monopolize the work of transferring grain cargoes. In New York Harbor alone there are nineteen floating elevators belonging to the different grain-elevating boards with an average capacity of 3000 bushels per hour, including all delays. These go about the harbor transferring grain from boats to steamers and sailing vessels at their anchorage. There are also eight floating elevators belonging to private parties. As an illustration of the immense facilities afforded by these machines, we know of one instance where 40,000 bushels of grain were put, after six o'clock in the evening, into a steamer that was ready to sail the next day at noon.

There are sixteen stationary elevators, or warehouses, in New York Harbor, with a working capacity of 40,000 bushels per hour, including all ordinary delays in discharging. Our engraving gives a view of one of these warehouse elevators at the Atlantic Docks.

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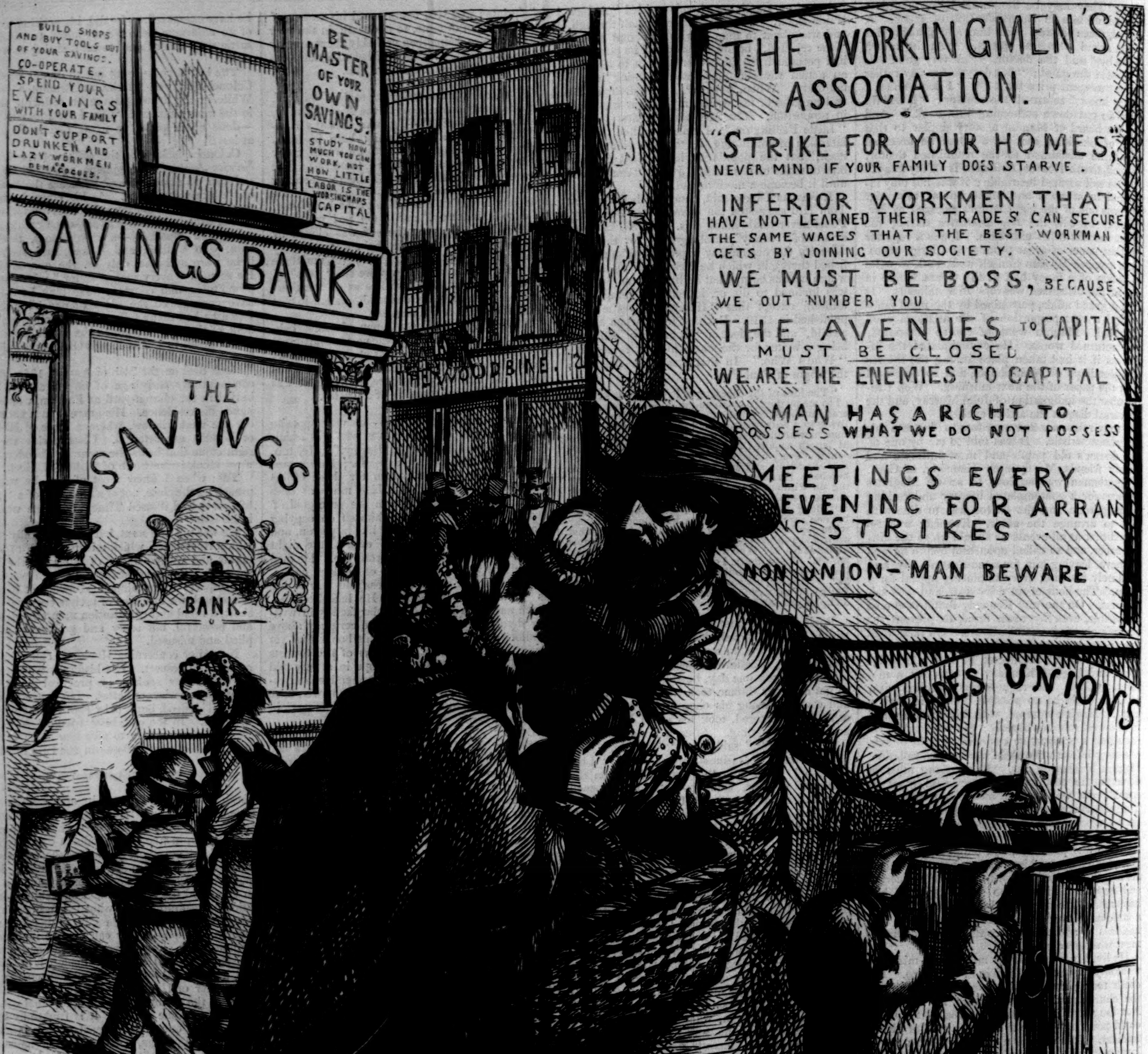
[*] While on his death-bed Sir Robert Peel sent him a sum of money, probably not the first. It arrived in time to pay his funeral expenses.

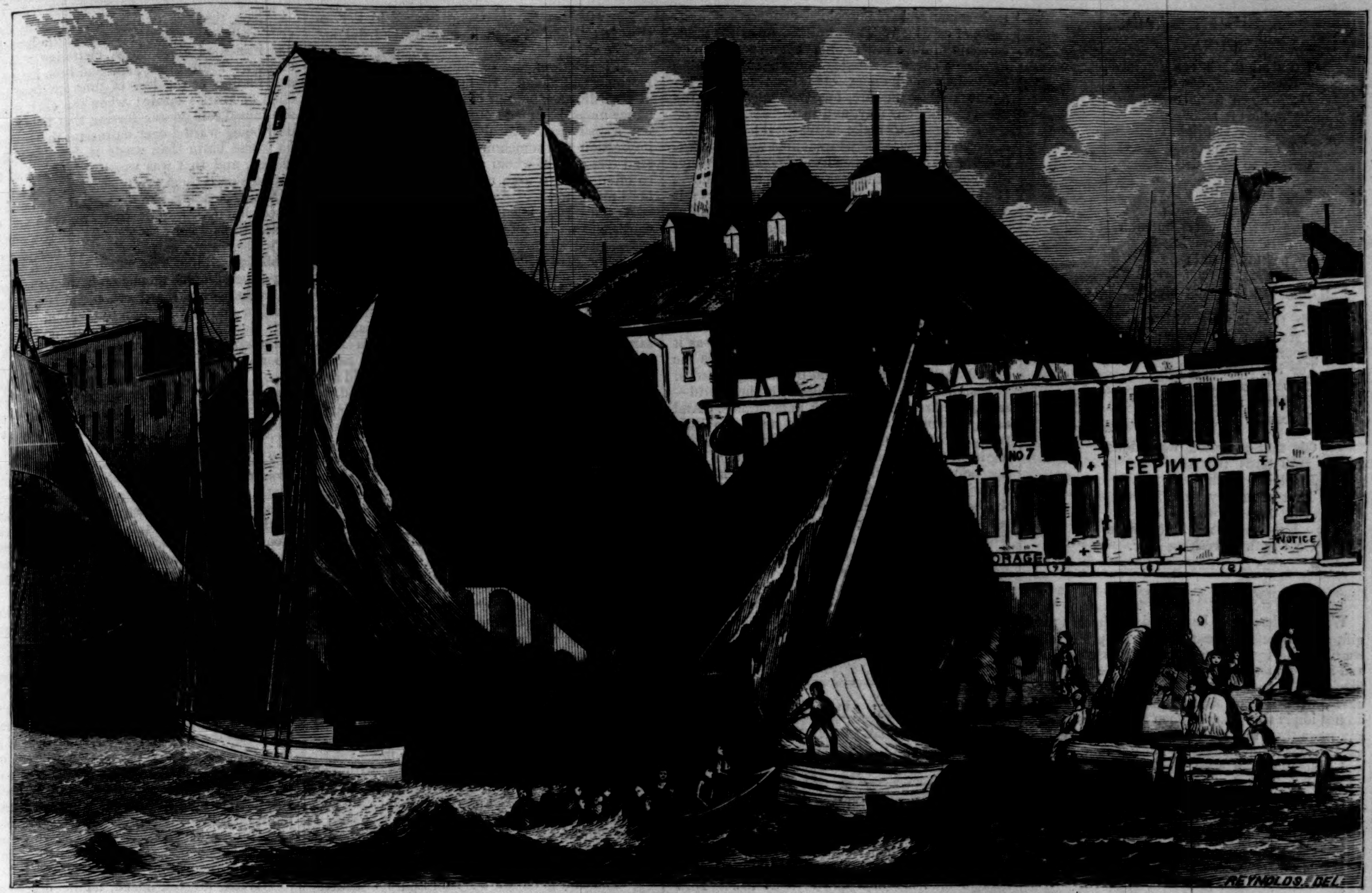
[†] In September, 1842, a subscription was made for the widow and children of Dr. Maginn, Dr. Gifford (then editor of the *Standard*) and Lockhart being trustees in England; the Bishop of Cork and the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in Ireland; and Professor Wilson, in Scotland. The "card" that was issued stated truly that "no one ever listened to Maginn's conversation, or perused even the hastiest of his minor writings, without feeling the influence of very extraordinary talent. His classical learning was profound and accurate, his mastery of modern languages almost unrivaled, his knowledge of mankind and their affairs great and multifarious;" but it did not state that which was true when it stated that, "in all his essays, verse or prose, serious or comic, he never trespassed against decorum or sound morals," or that "the keenness of his wit was combined with such playfulness of fancy, good humor, and kindness of natural sentiment, that his merits were ungrudgingly acknowledged even by those of politics most different from his own." On the contrary, such statement was palpably and notoriously untrue.

[*] He played a practical joke upon the actors of the Brighton Theatre, who were defective of a letter in their dialogue, by sending them a packet, containing, of various sizes, the letter H.

[*] The portrait that heads this Memory is from a drawing made by Mr. Eddis for the collection of Mr. Magrath, long the respected secretary of the Athenæum Club.


BUILD SHOPS AND BUY TOOLS OUT OF YOUR SAVINGS.
CO-OPERATE.
SPEND YOUR EVENINGS WITH YOUR FAMILY
DON'T SUPPORT DRUNKEN AND LAZY WORKMEN OR DEMAGOGUES.
BE MASTER OF YOUR OWN SAVINGS.
STUDY HOW MUCH YOU CAN WORK, NOT HOW LITTLE
LABOR IS THE WORKINGMAN'S CAPITAL
SAVINGS BANK.
THE SAVINGS BANK.
WOODBINE
THE WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.
"STRIKE FOR YOUR HOMES," NEVER MIND IF YOUR FAMILY DOES STARVE.
INFERIOR WORKMEN THAT HAVE NOT LEARNED THEIR TRADES CAN SECURE THE SAME WAGES THAT THE BEST WORKMAN GETS BY JOINING OUR SOCIETY.
WE MUST BE BOSS, BECAUSE WE OUT NUMBER YOU
THE AVENUES TO CAPITAL MUST BE CLOSED
WE ARE THE ENEMIES TO CAPITAL
NO MAN HAS A RIGHT TO POSSESS WHAT WE DO NOT POSSESS
MEETINGS EVERY EVENING FOR ARRANGING STRIKES
NON UNION-MAN BEWARE
TRADES UNIONS
Th. Nast

THE WORKINGMAN'S MITE.



GRAIN ELEVATOR, ATLANTIC DOCK, BROOKLYN.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE BOWERY.

NEW YORK is picturesque only at night. The city is still too new to possess those features which travelers find so charming in the cities of the old world; yet, after nightfall, one who walks through certain quarters, such as the Bowery, Chatham Street, or where the market stalls are kept open for the benefit of those whose avocations keep them out after the rest of mankind have gone home, may find many scenes similar to the one depicted by our artist on this page, which is a sketch taken late Saturday evening in the Bowery. At this time the street is always crowded with people, buying, selling, or sauntering up and down enjoying the sights. The glaring lights of the fruit and market stands have a decidedly picturesque effect, and the spectacle is often one of great animation and interest.

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE IN THE BOWERY, NEW YORK.

A SUMMER WISH.

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

LIVE all thy sweet life thro',
  Sweet Rose, dew-sprent,
Drop down thine evening dew
To gather it anew
When day is bright:
  I fancy thou wast meant
Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
  Glad, soaring bird;
Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
  Heedless if thou art heard,
Sing thy full song aloud.

Oh, that it were with me
  As with the flower;
Blooming on its own tree
For butterfly and bee
Its summer morns:
  That I might bloom mine hour
A rose in spite of thorns.

Oh, that my work were done
  As birds' that soar
Rejoicing in the sun:
That when my time is run
And daylight too,
  I so might rest once more
Cool with refreshing dew.

GOOD LAUGHERS.

WHAT a blessing to be a good laugher! a rare gift, and therefore the more to be prized and cherished. A *good* laugher must be a good man and a *wise* man; for to laugh well, he must appreciate, he must have quick and responsive faculties, with various and sound knowledge. I do not imply that all good men are good laughers any more than that all fools are knaves, because all knaves *are* overcunning fools. Some good and estimable men were born under a weeping planet—their melancholy may frequently be traced to physical causes before they saw the light; but the man who knew most of this matter about laughter, good Master William Shakspeare, always makes his best laughers to be good characters. "Laugh if you are wise," is his motto. There is no emotion, however, that is perhaps more various, and at the same time indicative of the *real* character, than laughter. "Speech," said Goldsmith, "was given to man to conceal his thoughts." If laughter do not reveal them, it will constantly indicate his sincerity or insincerity of the moment. Some men laugh periodically, as the tide ebbs and flows; some cynically, like snapping of a stick. Some laugh as Cassius smiled, as though they scorned themselves that can be brought to laugh at any thing. Those are generally pragmatists. One laugh I knew was said to be like vinegar on a death's head. It was like Quilp's—malicious; and its owner contrived to swindle every one with whom he became acquainted. One man (your pompous one) will laugh like an old ram—solemn, guttural, and profound. Another will laugh like a parrot; there is the "outward and 'audible' sign," but look in his face, and all the while it is like the head of a ship. Some men laugh as though they were being unbearably tickled, and others scream like macaws. These are not the worst specimens of Democritists, for at all events they are no hypocrites. But the most intolerable fellows (after your pompous cynic) are they who laugh *without* as well as *with* cause. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool," says the wisest of kings. To one of these, who had been going on for a whole evening, Dr. Johnson turned round like a stung bear: "I hope, Sir, I have said nothing to-night that *you* comprehend"—savage, but venial. It is said of Dean Swift that no one ever saw him laugh. It is difficult to believe that; for though his own wit and humor were both splenetic, there are circumstances and combinations in his own writings the ludicrous force of which he must have felt to have originated. Can he have been the only man unmoved upon reading the vagaries of Brother Peter in the open street, when his head begins to turn with vanity and conceit? One can fancy his laugh to have been short, abrupt, and austere; but possessing, as he did, so vivid an appreciation of the ludicrous, his innermost recesses must at times have been convulsed. On the other hand, Burton, the celebrated author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and who himself fell a martyr to hypochondria, would sit on the wharf at Cambridge, for the purpose of hearing the bargemen's abuse and coarse language to each other till he nearly laughed himself into fits. Thomas Carlyle says, "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice. The fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outward, or at best produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who can not laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

"O glorious laughter!" (says the keen and cordial wit of our own day, honored Douglas Jerrold), "thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of *laughs*—a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the *laughter* of the gods, to deify our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be destitute of the ennobling faculty of *laughter?* Why, Sir, laughter is to the face of man what sinovia (I think anatomists call it) is to the joints; it oils, and lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top (for foreheads would have gone out of fashion), and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter!—as it is, its first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answers that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins; and, shaking in its nurse's arms, or in waggish humor playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny—declares, to him with ears to hear it, the heir-loom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and as acutely as they will, they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his *broad grins;* for he looks around the world, and his soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish! Let man, then, send a loud 'ha! ha!' through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege."

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

By ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

ANDROMEDA.

ON the day when Laura Calhoun paid toll in Lady Coppice, Captain Dormer received his orders to take his men down to Carlisle. Now Captain Dormer had been a difficulty with Laura. There had been sundry love passages between them before she left London, and quite a tender leave-taking at the station, but no offer. He had danced attendance on her for about six months altogether; that was during her father's life-time, and when they lived in style; and he had befriended them both—her mother and herself—when the father died, and had done what he could for her when she was left quite alone. And, as the last that he *could* do, he had written her directions, marshaled her luggage, seen to her straps and wraps and carriage comforts, and accompanied her to the station. But still he had not spoken. And since her sojourn at Loanin' Head Laura had been ashamed to write to him, as she had promised, fearful lest he should find out the true status of her mother's family, and see Aunt Mattie and Cousin Mark.

And he, for his own part, wanted to know exactly what was left her by her father, before he committed himself. Report alternated between ten and fifty thousand pounds, but he did not care to trust to any thing so vague as report; and as it was too early after the death of her parents to take any decided steps in the matter, he was forced to let her go without the final word, though with a certain elastic understanding between them that might mean every thing or nothing, as expediency determined. When, therefore, he received his marching orders for Carlisle, among his first thoughts came the remembrance of Laura Calhoun; and his second was, that as he should be now in her neighborhood, he would find her out; and if she had what he hoped, and what his wife must have to enable him to marry at all, why then he would propose, and he supposed the thing would be done. He never contemplated the possibility of a refusal among other contingencies. But why had she not written all this time? This was what puzzled him. However, he would soon learn all about her now, and make up his mind. She was a pretty little thing, and, he supposed, no worse than other girls. And if he had to marry, as he must some time, she would do as well as any one else, provided she had the requisite amount to make it worth his while.

Meantime, while he calculated so coolly, poor honest Mark's whole soul had gone out to the fascinating little gypsy, who was not worth an honest man's love of any degree. Not that Mark dared to speak out, or make his love openly manifest. All that he did was to clean himself more vigorously than ever; to spend more time and more money over "Miss Lowra's gardin" before her parlor windows; to leave off going to old Greystoke's; and to find excuses for incessant conference with the girl, who, idle and heartless, found it more amusing to watch her rustic cousin's growing passion than to sit in her own room, doing nothing more exciting than embroidering or novel-reading.

The one, however, who did not like the turn things were taking was Aunt Mattie, who nowise favored Laura for her son's choice. She was too fine for a Cumberland farmer's wife, and too feckless all ways. She was well enough to look at, and to make of; but as Mark's wife—"Gude sakes! he had better put his hand intil t' fire right out, or cry Loanin' Head at public roup, for that's what it wad coom til! Nay! Greystoke Phœbe as soon as he wad! But Lowra—Lord luv ye, niver siccan a thing! And Mark wad surely niver be sae daft and soft as think twice on her!"

Nevertheless, Mattie was disturbed in her secret heart, and feigned a security she did not feel.

"I'll ride over and reconnoitre," said Captain Dormer, half aloud. He had been about a week at Carlisle, and, by dint of inquiries and the Ordnance maps, had made out Loanin' Head at last; but it had been difficult; which gave him the impression that somehow Laura's grand Cumberland relations, of whom she said her mother had so often spoken, were not quite as grand as had been made out.

At the very moment when he was riding over Carlisle Bridge, Laura, leaning out of her small casemented window, was saying to Mark, working in the garden, "I don't know what I should do without you, Cousin Mark; you are so good and kind, and you do so much for me."

Now Mark would not have thought much of it if Phœbe Greystoke had said substantially the same thing in her vernacular; but when Miss Laura took to paying compliments, he never knew how to look. It was not that she said any thing very remarkable. To call him kind, to acknowledge that he tried to please her, though it made poor Mark's foolish heart throb, still was not of so much warmth as apparently warranted his excitement. But her manner—it was this which "dinged him ower," as he said to himself. Still he was too stolid and too real to trust even to such a manner as hers—to the soft upraising of her deep blue eyes, with her head bent shyly as if in sweet and tender modesty—to the loving smile that came and flitted like a sunny ray about her face—to the surprising music of her voice—to all the fascination, the allurement, the charm which a pretty crafty woman can throw into her very attitude and accent, to give point to her words and a meaning beyond that which the dictionary ever gave them. And then he held Miss Lowra in such high esteem, he would not have dared to translate for his own advantage mere signs such as these. He only blushed, and looked magnificently handsome in the sunlight—so handsome that Laura felt really quite to love him in a way, for all that he was a mere rough Cumberland farmer, as he answered, with unwonted tenderness of voice, "I'se glad ye're suited, Miss Lowra. If I knawed as hoo I culd suit ye better, I wad. There's nowt in t' warld I wadn't du for ye, Miss Lowra; an' ye bad me I'd lig in t' mid ov t' road yonder an' ye might walk ower me, ye might, an it wad please ye!"

"You dear good Mark!" said Laura, affectionately, but she very nearly laughed outright. "But why do you always call me Miss, Cousin Mark? are we not cousins—and something more?" she added, after a pause.

Now this was more than flesh and blood could stand. Respect and modesty were all very well; but when a girl makes such a "long arm" to a young man, what can he do but take advantage of the offer? Mark laid down his spade and came to the window. "What mair?" he asked, in tones rich and mellow with emotion, for all the country accent: "how like Walker's picture at the Academy last year!" thought Laura, looking coquettishly into his straight, frank, honest face. "What more?" she answered, lightly drawing her finger-tips over his curling hair. "Why, friends, you stupid old Cousin Mark! what more should we be?"

"Ay, indeed! what mair suld we be, Miss Lowra—what mair could we be!" echoed Mark, sighing.

"Now," said Laura, playfully, "what are you sighing for, you foolish fellow?"

"Maybe because ye're owre good or owre bonny, Miss Lowra!" was Mark's answer, made very sadly.

This time the two small white hands took the young man's face between them. "Oh, you silly old Mark!" she said, and bent her face near her cousin's.

She was leaning out of the window; her slender waist was just above the sill, and her arms were raised so that Mark could see the jimp, trimly-belted little figure; and Mark liked jimp, trim waists. Suddenly—he never knew how it was done, where he got the courage from, how he ever came to be so audacious—his strong arms clasped themselves round the slight figure leaning out as if to offer itself, and Laura found herself imprisoned against his breast, while, low and husky with love and its great fear, he whispered to her tenderly, "Hinny! but I love ye! ah! but I love ye! Oh, Lowra! Miss Lowra! do ye love me, nay, but haulf o' what I love ye?"

"Of course I love you, Cousin Mark!" said Laura, in deadly terror. She had had no idea of lighting the tow to this extent. She had played with fire, truly, but she had had no wish to set herself in a blaze thereby.

"Nay, nay, but div ye love me mair nor that?" said Mark, who, now that the ice was broken, went rapidly down the stream, as is the manner of the shy and cautious when once they have let themselves go. "Will ye marry me, Miss Lowra? Ah, but ye'll niver repent it, my darling! I'se love ye weel, an' ye'll niver hev cause to wish ye hedn't!"

"Marry you! oh, Cousin Mark!" said Laura, in genuine dismay.

The strong arms dropped as if they had been paralyzed.

"Ye'll carry on as ye hev been, and not wed?" he said, with as much sorrow as amazement. "Nay! I'se not think it o' ye, Miss Lowra!" And he took her again to his breast as if he had done her a wrong, and would atone for it. "Ye'se be my wife, Miss Lowra?"

"Oh, Mark, don't ask me!" said Laura; and she began to cry. And Mark, not knowing what better to do, kissed her for sympathy, and she let him.

"Now, then, I know that ye love me!" said honest Mark, triumphantly; "an' nowt in heaven or airth sall part us. Ye're mine, an' I'se defy t' best man amang them a' to part us!"

"Noo, then, ye twa bairns, what's to do wid ye?" called out Mattie's voice a little harshly, as her iron-shod clogs came clattering round the corner. Truth to say, she had been listening to and fuming at the loss of time involved in the click of Mark's spade: when the click stopped, she fumed still more; fearing that time was not only being wasted over daftnesses that maybe did no worse harm than waste it, but likely ill employed, and that was worse. Mattie had eyes, and she used them pretty sharply.

Mark, blushing like a peony, heated and confused, but Laura quite pale and calm and composed, though her eyes were a little red, met Mattie's keen gaze, as she clattered into the small cobble-paved inclosure which Mark was beautifying—spending his money on flowers, and his time in tending them, that Laura might lean out of the window and bewitch him to his ruin.

"Hey, Mark, lad! what's to do, that ye're daundering here in t' varra mid ov t' day, an thee woork ligging boddom upmost for thee? Lauvin days! did a body iver see siccan a gowk! Maundering here an' daundering there, an' a' to set a lile lock posies naebody wants but Miss yonder! I'se cry shame on ye, Mark, an ye weren't yersel!"

"Shame theesel, mither, to coom routing an' grouting at what's nae call of yours at a'," said Mark, angrily.

It was the first time he had ever given his mother a back word; but with Miss Laura's fair face looking on, and the touch of her lips still on his, and what he took to be her promise in his ear, it hurt him to be rated like a hind and schooled like a lad.

Mattie stopped dead in her wrath. She looked from one to the other, anxiously questioning them by her eyes.

"Hey? what! is't gitten as far as this?" she said, slowly. "Then Mark, and Lowra too, it's time for *me* to speak!"

"Houd thee noise, mither, an divn't mak theesel a fule doonright," was Mark's rough rejoinder, as he shouldered his spade and stalked away man-like, with the air of one who is master of the field, but in reality beating a retreat. He could face most things, could the stalwart Cumberland lad, but his mother's tongue when set loose was more than he could brave.

"Here, my lass," said Mattie, coming close up to the window and taking Laura's hands in hers—"tell us what's up 'twixt ye an' Mark."

"What do you mean, auntie dear?" asked Laura, innocently, stroking the gray hair that came just below the huge flapping border of her widow's cap.

"Ye divn't git my meaning?" Mattie said, interrogatively. She had knitted her heavy brows till they nearly blotted out her eyes altogether, but Laura could see them flame behind the forest of hairs, and somehow she felt like a prisoner brought to the question, and afraid of those keen and angry eyes.

"Not the least in the world, dear," she answered, lightly; but a slight color stole into her face, and she found it difficult to keep her own eyes straight and her voice quite steady. She was awfully frightened, it must be confessed.

"Ye divn't see that our Mark is clean daft and bemaffled about ye?" speared Mattie.

"Auntie!" coquettishly.

"An' ye divn't mean to be owt to him yersel?"

"*I* any thing to him?" she hesitated, not knowing what to say. Then she laughed lightly, and, patting her aunt's face, said, merrily, "Why! what can I be to him but his cousin, auntie? What a dear, funny old thing you are!"

"Nay, nay, my lass, ye divn't slither sae far!" said Mattie, sternly. "Ye might be his wife as weel as his cousin, Lowra. Not but that it 'ud be t' warst day for Mark as ever he seed, but there's nae law of man or God agin it. An' *ye* might du warse, if Mark 'ud scarce mannish a bigger bit o' daftness."

"Poor Mark! I'd make but a useless kind of wife for him," said Laura, lightly.

"Yes, ye wad, mair nor useless," was Mattie's grim reply. "But I'd larn ye your duties, lass, an' in time ye'd maybe be worth summot! Say it oot, an' let's 'a done wi' a' this hiding away o' neuks an' corners, an' whispering an' havering—say it oot, Lowra, as ye'd tell it to yer ain dead mither—dost thou really loov oor Mark, an' wad ye tak t' loff of him if ye hed it?"

She spoke with dignity, with solemnity, and Laura was sobered, brought face to face with human truth and emotion, thrust into a cleft stick which she herself had spent her time in cleaving, and feeling the bonds into which she had thrust her limbs, for a joke, tightening round her.

"I don't know what you mean, auntie," she said again, beginning to whimper.

"Then I'se tell ye, lass. I mean this—that ye're setting yer caps at oor Mark, an' that ye're doing for him!"

"Doing for him, what nonsense!" cried Laura, through her tears. "He doesn't care for me, aunt!"

"Yis but he does, Lowra, wörse luck for him! an' ye ken it weel enough, an' I ken that he knaws it. An' I'se tell thee this, lass, own niece as ye are, that if I see thee play Mark yonder fause, I'se shutten thee oot o' t' hoose, an' ye'll niver darken t' door-flagging again! Mind noo, an' I tell ye! an' I niver gae back from my word!"

She took the girl's wrist and griped it hard, till Laura screamed with pain.

"Auntie, you hurt me!" she cried.

"An' I will hurt ye mair if ye play my lad fause!" said Mattie.

"Are ye doited, mither?" cried Mark, suddenly dashing into the inclosure. "Leave things as belangs to me to me mysel, an' divn't ye mell on what's not thine. Hands off, mither—eh! must I loze them!" And he tore the strong grip passionately asunder. "Niver ye mind what naebody says," he said to the girl, laying his hand in a protecting, reverential way on her shoulder.

"Ye'se gotten me, Miss Lowra, an' whiles ye've gotten me, not t' haill woorld sall touch ye!"

"Ye'll rue, lad! ye'll rue!" said Mattie, her voice flung up to a scream. "She'll cheat thee as sure as t' mither on her cheated her father! Thou'se leaving t' true, lad, for t' fause, and God ha' mercy on thee!"

Just then Isabella's shrill voice was heard, "Mark! mither! come! Hornie's fit to dee!"

Love could wait, and Laura with love; but Hornie, the best beast in the byre, must be looked to at once. Whereupon the young farmer and his mother went off to the cow-house, and Laura was left to ponder.

And all this time Captain Dormer was putting his horse toward Loanin' Head, and by now had come to the edge of the moor.

PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCES.

The conformity of tints which commonly exists between animals and the medium by which they are surrounded has long been noticed by writers on natural history, but, until lately, has never been satisfactorily explained. It was generally imputed to the direct action of climate, soil, or food; but this explanation is contradicted by many well-known facts. Wild rabbits, for example, are of a grayish-brown color, resembling the fern and other vegetation among which they live when not enjoying their underground protection; but these same rabbits, when domesticated, without any change of climate or food, rapidly vary into black and white races; and similar phenomena occur in pigeons, mice, etc.

Again, it is well known that the wings of several insects (as the walking-stick insect, the leaf insect, etc.) assume not only the tint of the bark or leaf on which they rest, but the exact rugosity of the former, or the outline and veining of the latter; and these similarities can not be referred to climate or to food, since in many cases the insect does not feed on the substance which it resembles, and the genus may have a widely extended habitat. Two distinguished travelers and naturalists, Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace (especially the latter), have recently attempted to show, with considerable success, that these problems may be solved by Darwin's "Theory of Natural Selection." In order to make the solution of these questions intelligible to the general reader, we must give a sketch of the leading phenomena that may be classed under the head of useful or protective resemblances. Our facts on this subject have been drawn mainly from Mr. Wallace's essay "On Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances among Animals," originally published in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1867, and reprinted in his "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," 1870, but in part also from Mr. Bates's "Contributions to the Insect Fauna of the Amazon," in the "Linnæan Transactions" for 1862, and from a paper by Mr. Andrew Murray, "On the Disguises of Nature," in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal for January*, 1860.

Nature provides for the concealment that is useful to many animals, and essential to some, by coloring them with such tints as may best serve them to escape from their enemies, or to entrap their prey. That desert animals are almost always desert-colored is illustrated by the lion, which, when crouched upon the sand or among rocks and stones, must be almost invisible; by the camel, and by almost all species of antelopes. The desert birds are still more protected by the closer resemblance of their tints to the ground on which they live. The stone-chats, the larks, the quails, the goat-suckers, and the grouse, which abound in the North African and Asiatic deserts, are all tinted and mottled so as closely to resemble the soil of the district they inhabit. The Rev. Dr. Tristram, in describing the ornithology of North Africa, observes that in the Sahara a modification of color which shall be assimilated to that of the surrounding country is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the animals of that region; and that, without exception, the upper plumage of every bird, the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of every snake and lizard, are of one uniform isabelline or sand color.

Turning to the arctic regions, we see the white color, for a similar reason, preponderating in the animal kingdom, as affording the best concealment amidst snow-fields and ice-hummocks. The polar bear and the American polar hare, which never voluntarily leave the regions of ice and snow, are permanently white, while the arctic fox, the Alpine hare, and the ermine become white in the winter only, because in the regions to which they migrate in the summer that color would be a source of danger rather than a means of protection. Among arctic birds, the snow-bunting, the jer-falcon, and the snowy owl are doubtless, in a great measure, protected by their white color. Perhaps the best example of protective coloring in birds is afforded by the ptarmigan, whose summer plumage exactly harmonizes with the lichen-colored stones among which it sits, while in winter its white plumage renders its detection on the snow almost impossible. No sportsman can have failed to notice how closely the color of the common hare, while resting in its form, resembles that of its surroundings, and how that of the grouse and of the partridge respectively resemble the tints of the heather and stubble in which they are sought after.

Nocturnal animals, as a rule, possess the least conspicuous colors, and must be quite invisible at times, when white or very black forms would be readily perceived.

It is only in tropical forests, which never lose their foliage, that parrots and other birds of a green color are to be found. A tint that would be elsewhere singularly conspicuous thus serves to conceal them among the dense leaves.

We have hitherto noticed merely the general conformity of color between animals and their surroundings; cases, however, not very unfrequently occur in which there is a special adaptation. To this latter category belong the beautiful markings of the tiger, jaguar, and most other large cats. The vertical stripes, which are so conspicuous on the body of the tiger, closely assimilate with the vertical stems of the bamboo jungles in which that animal hides himself, and thus actually assist in concealing him from his victims. Excepting the lion, tiger, and puma (which has an ashy-brown uniform fur, nearly resembling the bark of the branches to which it is in the habit of closely adhering when waiting for its prey to pass underneath), all the other large cats have spotted skins, which tend to blend them with the background of the thick foliage among which they dwell. Among birds we have numerous cases of a similar nature. The Duke of Argyll (in the "Reign of Law") points out that in the woodcock "one very peculiar color is introduced into the plumage, which exactly corresponds with a particular stage in the decay of fallen leaves—namely, that in which the browns and yellows of the autumn rot away into the pale, ashy skeletons which lie in thousands under every wood in winter." In snipes, as the same writer observes, there is a remarkable series of straw-colored feathers running along the back and shoulders, which perfectly imitates the general effect of the bleached vegetable stalks common on the ground which these birds frequent.

Reptiles present us with many similar illustrations of the same nature. The little green tree-frogs (which may be seen in a glass case in the Zoological Gardens), almost all the tropical tree-snakes, and the iguanas and other arboreal lizards, closely resemble the foliage by which they are surrounded; and there is a North American frog that so closely resembles, in tint, the lichen-covered walls and rocks on which it is found, that until it moves it is almost perfectly safe from detection. The crocodile and alligator, in floating passively down the muddy streams, are so like the trunks of trees that the unwary animal drinking at the water's edge only recognizes the deception when it is too late to avoid the danger.

Passing from reptiles to fishes, we may note how complete is the resemblance between the sandy bottom of the sea and the upper surface of the flounder or the skate. In our own temperate seas, the fishes, although beautifully, are seldom gorgeously colored, while the fishes swarming among the tropical coral reefs resemble in brilliancy of coloring the magnificent polyps amidst which they swim. Mr. Wallace directs attention to a very curious case of this kind of adaptation as occurring in the sea-horses (Hippocampus) of Australia, "some of which bear long foliaceous appendages resembling sea-weed, and are of a brilliant red color. They live among sea-weed of the same hue, so that when at rest they must be quite invisible." There are some slender green pipe-fish in the aquarium of the Zoological Society, which, when they have attached themselves by their prehensile tails to some fixed object, float about, looking exactly like certain well-known water-plants.

The Mollusca do not furnish any striking resemblances to particular objects; but if we turn to the Annulata we find the hue of the green, purple, and red sea-weeds exactly reproduced in the Nemertians and other marine worms, while among the Hydrozoa or Polyps some of the Actiniæ afford good examples of special protective coloring. "I can hardly suggest," says Mr. Andrew Murray, "a more perfect one than the *Actinia troglodytes* in a sandy pool, its tentacles being so exactly marbled like a sandy bottom that the pool may be paved with them all expanded, and yet the casual observer—ay, more, the attentive but uninstructed eye—never see one!" Mr. Brady (in "Nature," vol. ii.) relates that while dredging in the Clyde he found numerous small star-fishes (*Ophicoma bellis*) which were embedded in masses of Laminaria roots, and the deep purpled color of the two was so similar that, although he held in his hand a root containing half a dozen star-fishes, he could not detect a single one until they revealed themselves by their movements. It is in the sub-kingdom Articulata and the class Insecta that this principle is most fully and singularly developed.

We shall limit the selection of our illustrations to the three great orders of Coleoptera or beetles, Orthoptera, including soothsayers, walking-sticks, leaf insects, locusts, etc., and Lepidoptera, which include butterflies and moths. In the tropics there are, says Mr. Wallace, thousands of species of Coleoptera, which during the day rest upon the bark of dead or fallen trees, and which are delicately mottled with gray and brown tints, blending so completely with the usual color of the bark that, at two or three feet distant, they are quite undistinguishable. Sometimes a species frequents only a single kind of tree; and in such cases there is usually an identity of coloring between the insect and the bark. Thus Mr. Bates found two species of long-horned beetles (Onycocherus) limited in this way to special kinds of trees growing on the banks of the Amazon, and so exactly resembling the bark in color and rugosity that until they moved they were absolutely invisible! Many species of Cicindelidæ, or tiger-beetles, are similarly protected by their special colorings.

Cicindela campestris, the common tiger-beetle, lives on grassy banks, and is of a beautiful deadened green color; while *C. maritima*, which is found only on sandy sea-shores, is of a pale bronze yellow, almost identical in tint with the sand. In the Malay Islands Mr. Wallace found a very pale tiger-beetle where the sand was coralline and nearly white; while, wherever it was volcanic and black, a dark species of the same genus was sure to be found. "A large brown species was found only on dead leaves in forest paths; and one which was never seen except on the wet mud of salt marshes was of a glossy olive, so exactly the color of the mud as only to be distinguished when the sun shone by its shadow."

Mr. Bates found some beetles on the Amazon which, from their hemispherical forms and pearly gold color, resembled glittering dew-drops upon the leaves; and there are again the pill-beetles (*Byrrhus pilula*), and many weevils, that, on the approach of danger, fold up their antennæ and legs so as completely to conceal them, counterfeit death, and take the form of a pellet of earth or stone, or sometimes even (as in Chlamydæ) of a bit of silver or copper ore, and roll off the leaf or other base on which they were resting.

Turning to the Lepidoptera, we find that the butterflies have all their bright coloring on the upper surfaces of all four wings, while the under surfaces are of a sombre, obscure tint; and this arrangement is obviously protective, because these insects always rest with the wings raised, so as to conceal their dangerous beauty; while the moths, on the other hand, have their most marked coloring on the hind wings only, which, when they are at rest, are concealed by the dull tints of the upper wings. The most wonderful and undoubted case of protective resemblance in butterflies occurs in certain allied species of the genus Kallima, occurring on the Indian continent and the Malay Archipelago. As this remarkable discovery was made by Mr. Wallace, we shall give the history of these insects nearly in his own words, although in an abbreviated form.

These butterflies are of a large size, and on their upper surface are adorned with a broad band of rich orange on a deep bluish ground. The under side is very variable in color, but is always of some shade of ash, or brown, or ochre, resembling dead, dry, or decayed leaves. Between the apex of the upper wing on either side, which is prolonged into an acute point, and the end of the lower wing, which terminates in a short narrow tail, there runs a dark curved line, exactly representing the midrib of a leaf, and from this radiate on either side a few oblique lines resembling the lateral veins of a leaf. Not only have we here the exact imitation of the venation of a leaf, but we even find representations of leaves in every stage of decay, variously blotched, and mildewed, and pierced with holes, and, in many cases, sprinkled with powdery black dots arranged in patches and spots, so like some of the minute fungi that grow on dead leaves that it is impossible to avoid thinking at first sight that the butterflies themselves have been attacked by real fungi. As might have been assumed from the analogy of many other cases, the habits of these butterflies are such as still further to aid their deceptive garb. Mr. Wallace, who has captured many of them in Sumatra, describes them as frequenting dry forests, and flying very swiftly. They were never seen to settle on a flower or a green leaf, but were often lost sight of in a mass of dead leaves. On such occasions they were generally searched for in vain, and were not perceived till they suddenly darted out from under the very eye of the observer, and again vanished some twenty yards or so farther on. On a very few occasions the insect was detected *in situ*, and it was then noticed how completely it assimilates itself to the surrounding leaves. It sits on a nearly upright twig, the wings fitting closely back to back, and concealing the head and antennæ, which are retracted. The little tails, in which the hind wings terminate, represent the stalk of the leaf, which is kept in its place by the claws of the middle pair of feet, which are slender and inconspicuous. The irregular outline of the wings gives exactly the perspective effect of a shriveled leaf. We have thus size, color, form, markings, and habits all combining to produce a disguise which may be regarded as absolutely perfect.

Turning from tropical butterflies to British moths, we may notice the striking harmony that exists between the colors of those that are on the wing in autumn and winter, and the prevailing tints of nature at these seasons. The Rev. J. Greene has shown that out of fifty-two species that fly in the autumn, when shades of yellow and brown prevail, no less than forty-two are of corresponding colors; while in the winter, when gray and silvery tints predominate, the moths, for the most part, are of corresponding hues. The well-known lappet moth and buff-tip moth, when at rest, respectively resemble in shape and color a brown dry leaf, and the broken end of a lichen-covered branch; and the caterpillars of the Lepidoptera are also in many cases similarly protected. It is estimated that fully one-half of these caterpillars are green, and closely resemble the hue of the leaf on which they feed, and, as Mr. Andrew Murray has pointed out, when only a part of the body is exposed to view, the resemblance is often restricted to that part, as in the case of the larva of our commonest tiger-beetle, which lives in a hole, from which its head and thorax alone protrude. These are of the same green color as the perfect insect, while the rest of the body is of the ordinary whitish-yellow grub tint. Other caterpillars are like little brown, dead twigs, and, to complete the deception, are embossed at intervals with lumps resembling buds. The same distinguished naturalist has also directed attention to the close resemblance of the ground color of the larva of the peacock moth with that of the young buds of the heather on which it feeds, while the pink spots with which it is decorated correspond with the flowers and flower-buds.

It is, however, in the order Orthoptera that we find the most remarkable examples of special resemblance. "Many species of the genus Mantis," says the Duke of Argyll, "are wholly modeled in the form of vegetable growths. The legs are made to imitate leaf-stalks, the body is elongated and notched so as to simulate a twig; the segment of the shoulders is spread out and flattened in the likeness of a seed-vessel, and the large wings are exact imitations of a full-blown leaf, with all its veins and skeleton complete, and all its color and apparent texture." In this case the purpose of the resemblance is more that of capturing other insects than of direct self-preservation from insectivorous birds; the Mantis[*] being of a predaceous nature, and armed with the most terrible hidden weapons. The insect sits apparently motionless on the leaf which it so closely resembles; but in reality it advances on its victim with a slow and insidious approach.

In that remarkable genus Phyllium (the leaf insect, or the walking-leaf), not only are "the wings perfect imitations of leaves in every detail, but the thorax and legs are flat, dilated, and leaf-like, so that when the living insect is resting among the foliage on which it feeds the closest observation is often unable to distinguish between the animal and the vegetable." The genus Phasma (which includes the various species of "walking-stick" insects) is extremely imitative. Some species attain the length of a foot and the thickness of a man's finger, and in their coloring, form, rugosity, and the arrangement of the more projecting organs, are absolutely identical in appearance with the dead sticks which are found in abundance in the forests which these insects frequent. The Duke of Argyll refers to a specimen in the British Museum, in which the wings are covered with spots which exactly imitate the appearance of a larva-eaten leaf; and Mr. Wallace obtained one in Borneo which "was covered over with foliaceous excrescences of a clear olive-green color, so as exactly to resemble a stick grown over by a creeping moss."

We have thus adduced sufficient examples of the importance of coloring, and, in many cases, of form, as a protection to animals of almost every class. The protective agency varies, as we have seen, in degree, from the mere absence of conspicuous color, as in arctic and tropical animals, to such perfect resemblances to inorganic or vegetable structures as to give its possessor the power of rendering itself invisible, as in the case of the Mantis, Phyllium, and Phasma.

We have now to consider how these wonderful resemblances have been accomplished, and here we prefer adopting the views of Mr. Wallace to those of any of the other naturalists who have taken part in this discussion. The first point that strikes us is the extreme rarity of white coloring in the mammals and birds of the temperate and tropical zones in a state of nature. Except in the arctic and Alpine regions, where white is a protective color, there is not a white land bird or quadruped in Europe or America; yet, as was mentioned in an early part of this article, many animals and birds (notably cats, rabbits, mice, fowls, and pigeons) when domesticated, and therefore removed from "the struggle for existence," almost immediately give origin to white varieties. In a state of nature white varieties occasionally present themselves; white blackbirds, starlings, and crows, for example, are not very rare, but their conspicuous color soon renders them a prey to other animals, and the variety is not perpetuated. There is, indeed, no reason for supposing that white offspring are not as common in a state of nature as under domestication; but those whose color is the fittest for their position in life will alone survive. On the other hand, if an animal spreads from a temperate into an arctic district, the conditions are reversed, and the white varieties will have the advantage, while their brown companions will speedily succumb.

That slight amount of variation in every species which, if we observe at all, we are apt to regard as accidental and unworthy of notice, is (to use the words of Mr. Wallace) "the foundation of all those wonderful and harmonious resemblances which play such an important part in the economy of nature." Rapid multiplication, incessant slight variation, continued for an almost unlimited period of time, and "survival of the fittest," are the laws which have produced all the cases of protective resemblances that have heretofore been noticed.

HOW BURNS WROTE.

"I compose hastily," said Burns, chatting about his poems with Cromek, "but correct laboriously;" and that sentence condenses all that we know of the poet's habits of thought. A trifle set him off, as it did Byron and Wordsworth—a broken daisy lying in the furrow of his plow, a mouse turned out of its "wee bit housie, all in ruin," the picture of a man asking for work, the recollection of an old ballad, a line in Ramsay or Ferguson, or the contemplation of a scene of family worship in the cottage of a peasant. And when the idea had once sunk in his mind he brooded over it till it took form and shape in a poetic creation. This generally is the history of his poems. His "Address to the Deil," for instance, was suggested, Gilbert tells us, "by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage." Reading Ferguson's "Farmer's Ingle," and contemplating the scenes of domestic worship which constitute one of the most characteristic inci-

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[*] From their habit of sitting with their fore-legs held up together as in an attitude of prayer, these insects are held in reverence among the Hottentots, who actually worship them, and canonize as a special favorite of Heaven any one on whom they happen to alight. There is a monkish legend which tells us that St. Francis Xavier, seeing a Mantis moving along in its solemn and devotional way, desired it to sing the praises of God; whereupon the insect caroled forth a fine canticle. Mouffet informs us that, "So divine a creature is this esteemed, that if a childe aske the way to such a place, she will stretch out one of her feet and show him the right way, and seldom or never misse." Rösel, a practical entomologist, takes a very different view of their character. When several were confined together they fought desperately, their manœuvres very much resembling those of hussars fighting with sabres, the weapons being the fore-legs. The females were generally victorious, and the battle usually terminated with a cannibal repast. The Chinese keep them in little bamboo cages, and match them against each other.